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W.P.

TOM THORNTON.



TOM THORNTON,

OR,

LAST RESOURCES.

BY WILLIAM PLATT,

Author of "Betty Westminster," "Yorke House," "Grace of Glenholme,"
"Alice Hythe," "Mothers & Sons," "Linden Manor," "Tales of
The Marmalade,"
"Quod putavi fore gaudium, id extitit exitium."

~~"Hind Hope," "Tom Thornton," "The Story of a Lost Life," &c. &c. &c."~~
"Anglo Lyons"; "The House of Rockport,"
"Walluncourt"; &c. &c. &c.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLIV.

WILLIAM B. HARRIS

1870

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TOM THORNTON.

PART III.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.—“ I must agree with Bolter,” said I, “ that there’s nothing like the women, Heaven bless them, to get us poor fellows out of a scrape, or sympathize with us in misfortune. Fabien’s good luck brings to my recollection the story, and a true one it is, of a young fellow confined some time ago in the Fleet, who owed his liberty and happiness entirely to a strange freak on the part of a fond woman.” ! /

“ Did he though ? ” exclaimed Bolter, putting a fresh light, by permission to his pipe, and assuming an attitude of deep at- 8

tention; "do tell us all about it, and don't miss a word."

"You shall have every word, if I can recollect," said I.—"Well, then—I was sitting with an old friend last summer on one of the stone benches on the ramparts, talking over past times, when one subject leading to another, my friend reminded me of the sad fate of an old college chum who had lately died in great misery in the Bench.

it's "Well, bad as an English prison is," said I, "~~it is~~ a palace of luxury compared, they say, with a French goal, wherein cruelty seems to have exhausted every means of misery." *8* "But it would never do," replied he, "to have all prisons like the Bench, where those who could afford it might live like emperors if they liked */* with carpets */* and curtains */* and lounge chairs, chicken */* salads */* and East India Madeira, any place might be made endurable. It was a mere


farce to expect reformation in a man's habits who could shave himself every morning with hot water and scented soap."

"That's all very fine talking," said I; "but if I were a bird condemned to pass my days in a cage, the handsomer it was the more I should be reconciled to my prison—the elegance of my apartment would insure me visitors—I should not be forgotten and left to starve and pine; and though I might sulk now and then, or ~~the~~ powers of entertainment were not of the first order, the elegance of my appointments would insure respect; nay, if I happened to be a bird of fine plumage, though my note were without melody, appearance¹ would outweigh merit, and my pretty cage would compensate for all defects; but, if my cage were bare and rusty, be my merits what they might, the world would not observe them; like our poor friend in the Bench, I should then be thrust aside, to rot in some dark,

my

cold, obscure corner, and left to die uncared for." ~~He~~ 'Not always so,' rejoined my friend ;
as a proof of it, I will tell you a story, and a true one it is, of a poor prisoner, and a very poor and wretched one he was, whose cage was neither gilded nor his plumage gay ; yet, though he never sung nor was ever sulky, did he contrive to interest one eye and heart in his behalf, and at last to break through the iron bars of his captivity. It was the custom, you know, in certain of the metropolitan prisons, for the most destitute of the debtors to solicit alms in a hole in the wall from passers by ~~the~~ was Ambrose's turn to hold the box. Many a weary hour had he filled that unhappy post, and, but with one exception, had never known a glance of sympathy or pity to be bestowed on him. But he could not be mistaken that there was one who, in addition to dropping her gifts of charity into the box, never failed to regard him with marked

interest and commiseration. It was a solace to him to receive the congratulations of his companions for the good fortune he always brought them, but a far greater to reflect upon the invariable look of sympathy and concern which accompanied the gifts of his unknown friend.

One day it was Ambrose's turn again to take his station in the wall, when the same angelic form that had so often seemed to be hovering, the harbinger of good, near that dismal spot, approached nearer, and lingered longer than she had ever done before, and, having deposited her gift, as usual, in the box, dropped a scrap of paper within the grating, and disappeared. With a throbbing heart did Ambrose, as you may suppose, pick up the paper, and hope once more was awakened in his breast as he read, almost doubting the evidence of his senses, these words—"Despair not—there is one has the will as well as the power to befriend you" 

/ The more poor Ambrose thought [^] the more
 he was puzzled to conceive who his un-
 known friend could be, or what merit of his
 could have interested one so young ⁸ and, no
 so / doubt, [^] lovely, in his favour. Long since had
 his friends, one by one, deserted him, and
 his conscience told him he had tried their
 patience to the utmost. Could he be de-
 ceived?—was it meant only as a cruel hoax,
 or to deride his misery? Oh, no, it was
 — / impossible! [^] an ungenerous ^{or} ~~an~~ unkind ⁸
 thought could not be harboured in a form
 charming, ~~so lovely~~ with looks so tender and compas-
 sionate, with acts so noble, so disinterested.
 — t 8 Ambrose was not mistaken. Who shall ac-
 count for woman's sympathies? [^] The fair hand
 that had dropped so often its gifts into the
 debtor's box [^] had already signed and de-
 livered the necessary deed, in the shape of a
 banker's draft payable at sight, for the
 amount of his debts. In less than three
 days he was a free, a happy and a grateful

man. Of gentle lineage and with bright prospects, Ambrose ought to have done well in the world—no man could ^{have} set out in life under better auspices, but extravagance and dissipation soon plunged him into difficulties; the consequences soon followed—loans at ruinous interest, accommodation bills, mortgages, annuities, post obits, &c., till, his patrimony squandered, his friends wearied and disgusted, down he went from bad to worse, till, all else failing, he was fain to take his turn, and solicit alms like a beggar from the passing crowd. /

Still, in spite of all, his errors were rather of the head than heart, and there were some who knew his history, among whom was the lovely stranger, who had taken so deep an interest in his behalf—who believed that he was not without his redeeming points, and that, if restored to society, he might become an ornament to it, and a credit to his name and family. Nature had dealt

acquainted

rash and reckless
as he had been,

enough however

bountifully with him, but sorrow and privation had sadly defaced the beauty of her work; ~~but enough~~, it seemed, remained to

8 rivet the attention, and renew the admiration of Kate Mitford, as she one day passed the prison accidentally. Since that mo-

8 ment, the image of him, for whom in happier days past her heart, unknown to any

8 but herself, had acknowledged many a tender throb of interest, never left her thoughts; and whether the world, so sapient on all

points, chooses to call it love, or caprice, or folly, or infatuation, certain it is that the effect of her repeated visits to the same spot,

was only to confirm her first impression,

that Ambrose was so handsome—so unfortunate, and [^]doubtless [^]so deserving of compassion. These feelings, coupled with the

consciousness of ample means at command, grew, of course, stronger the more they were

8 indulged in, and a look of unmistakable admiration and gratitude from Ambrose, on

her last visit to the prison, which, in spite *and*
of the disguise she had endeavoured to pre-
serve, had recognised, she thought, his old
friend and favourite, determined her not only
to dream of his freedom and restoration to
the world, but to set about the necessary
means to realize such a delightful state of
things with all possible dispatch. What
her other hopes might have been of a more
selfish nature, must be left to conjecture;
suffice it to say, that Ambrose, restored to
liberty and happiness, breathed only the
language of adoration and gratitude; and
often has Kate been heard to declare, with
what truth we can't determine, that even
had he been indifferent to her passion for
him, and made another his bride, she never
should have grudged her contributions to
the debtor's box; and Ambrose has blessed
his stars a thousand times, that exchanged
him from an iron into his present golden

cage, wherein he hopes, he says, to remain till death a captive."

! ,
Q "Bravo!" cried Colville. "What say you now to the English women, Bolter, my boy? Dash my wig if a fond English girl won't beat all the rest of the world for constancy and devotion!"

"To be sure," agreed Bolter, "that Kate Mitford was a trump—there's no denying that."

T "A trump, man?" said Colville, "she's a divinity! there's but one other on earth to equal her, and that's Mademoiselle D— down stairs, if it's anybody, eh, Thornton?"

— n "He, he, he!" giggled Bolter, evidently gratified. "Now didn't I say, Mr. Thornton, it was all jealousy? Poor creature, I do pity him!"

"I stand no chance with him, Thornton, with that wide-awake—that's it," complained Colville.

"And would you have a chap be wearing

"I had no small change; perhaps Mr. Bolter would be so obliging?"

"With the greatest possible pleasure," giggled Bolter, turning out his empty pockets— "He, he, he! Why don't like Mr. Grumpy, when the medical student pricked his knocker?"

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his best goss, the only one he has got to go to church in for the next twelvemonth in this beautiful hole? Wouldn't it be unprincipled, Mr. Thornton?"

I applauded the provident principle, though I could not admire the wide-awake.

"That's because you know it costs only eighteen-pence. Why, there was the Marquis of Chandos himself, when he used to drive up to the Buckingham Arms——"

"Three o'clock, by Jupiter!" cried Colville, jumping up from his chair, "and the cloths not laid for dinner—zounds, Bolter, old fellow, ~~we shall have it here before we're ready.~~ Did you say the knives wanted a rub on the stair? And, I say, it wouldn't take you a minute if you're going down, to get the top-sawyer to buy us half a loaf of the three-penny—he'll get it a sou cheaper than we can. ~~By Jove, there's the prog, then!~~"

"Monsieur Colville, Monsieur Thornton,

how goes the appetite, eh?

Can any gentleman give me change for half a franc?"

Because, don't you see, I haven't a farthing left in my pocket. By Jove, there's the prog, then.

hawls

le diner !" ~~calls~~ the gruff voice of the Con-
 cierge from the stair bottom ; and [^]having
 received from him our *paniers*, spread out
 the good things on our tables, and seen,
 moreover, that our less fortunate compa-
 nion's knife and fork have something to
 employ them as well as our own, we set to
 work with what appetite we may, determin-
 ed to indemnify our inner man, all we can,
 for all other defects and deficiencies what-
 ever.

calls

" I say, Bolter, old fellow," ~~haws~~ [^]out
 Colville, as well as he can articulate with
 his mouth full of pancake, " you wont for-
 get that story of the Marquis of Chandos
 and the wide-awake—it will keep till to-
 morrow, wont it? You'd better be quick,
 though, if you want any pancake."

entreat

" Favour me with your opinion of this
 hashed hare, Bolter," ~~say~~ [^]I. " If you're a *ve*
 tooth for an apple-dumpling too, now's your
 time."

“ Would any gentleman like a bit of nice sausage and some cold cabbage?” enquires Mr. Bolter, deferentially.

Like the widow’s mite, it was a precious offering, and appreciated as such.

“ I say, gents, why am I like Moses with the veal chop?”

“ Because you make no bones of it!” roars Colville.

—/ “ Try again. Give it up? — Because, when I’ve nothing but pork for dinner, I don’t like it a bit.”

“ The miscreant!” cries Colville. “ There’s a chap, Thornton—got a family of little ones to keep, and all this mashed potatoe going begging.”

—/ “ Really,” replies Mr. Bolter, “ you are so pressing; if it will be the slightest accommodation, I’m sure I haven’t the remotest objection to oblige any gentleman—he, he, he!—Why am I like the poor semp-

stress in the Song of the Shirt?—there's a corker for you."

"Impossible to conjecture," says Colville.

"Because I manage to make a shift, somehow, to live. Hold hard!—And why are you gents like the Chancellor of the Exchequer?—Because ^{you're} always providing the ways and means."

don't you see?

"Call the Concierge," roars Colville, "and have the miscreant put in the dungeon!"

82 *March 4.*—As I lay in bed this morning, sad at heart—there are mornings when one awakes with, one hardly knows why, a heavy heart—and cast my eyes towards my barred window with a sigh, my attention was drawn to a monster spider that had just finished the construction of his web in the angle of the window frame.—"Ah!" said I to myself, as I watched his manœuvres, "thus it is that the thoughtless and unwary are ever

8 caught ; they suspect not the toils that are spread out in the broad sunshine." The thought had scarcely crossed my mind, when a dashing giddy-pated gnat, frisking heedlessly about, unconcerned for aught but his own gratification, rushed headlong into the snare. " Fool ! " I exclaimed ; " all the world but thyself could see the pit into which thy wilful blindness has precipitated thee." Hard struggled the captive for liberty, but in vain ; 'till, weary and exhausted, he lay at the mercy of his enemy, who, starting from his hiding place, pounced, without more ado, upon his prey. I fancied I could hear his entreaties for mercy, and caught the bitter taunts and hollow laugh that greeted his heart-rending appeal—" Spare me ! spare me ! " I thought I could hear the wretched captive cry, " and my prayers shall never cease, Sir Spider, in thy behalf."

" Save thy prayers, thou fool ! for thy-

self," was the bloated tyrant's reply ; " too long hast thou eluded my grasp—thou shalt not escape me now !"

✓ " Nay, spare, Sir Spider, so worthless a victim ✓ sully not thy glory by crushing a foe so ignoble."

— " Peace, thou malapert ! none but a fool runs blindfold ✓ it is fit such fools should pay the penalty of their folly : were I to set thee free, thou would'st fall into the next net that was laid for thee. No, no ; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—I have not broken my fast since yesterday—fools are made for wise men's profit." Saying which, the grim tyrant fell on his defenceless victim, and made a hearty breakfast off him.

The fate of the poor gnat has haunted me all day ; so, to unburthen my thoughts of it, I have adopted a plan somewhat after the ingenious method recommended to persons of a musical turn, when haunted by an old

8 tune, *viz.*—to poke their heads out of win-
 dow, and, at the top of their lungs, sing it 8
 out from beginning to end, and there's an
 end of it—and have related the whole story,
seriatim, in elegant verse, and this will answer /
 the same end; and when I have transcribed
 it, as it is now my intention to do, into my
 journal, there will be no fear of my con-
 founding in my dreams to-night the Mes-
 sieurs Bruin and Co. with the bloated black
 spider, or the poor luckless gnat with your
 unfortunate nephew, my dear aunt. What
 shall I entitle it? nothing better than—*Re-
 spice finem*, or

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

One day an old Spider, a regular sinner,
 As ever enjoy'd a blue-bottle for dinner,
 Sat silent and sad in a hole in the ceiling,
 A glance now and then at the outer world stealing,
 And cursing his stars, because fly after fly, 8
 All his arts and address seem'd alike to defy.
 At length, a fine, spruce, giddy-pated, young Gnat, /
 Who thought ev'ry one but himself was a flat,
 Disdaining all caution of traps to beware,
 Over head and heels rush'd, and was caught in the snare.

"Hollo!" cried the Spider, in terrible mood,
 "Who dares on my solitude thus to intrude?
 Bold and braggart Sir Gnat, must he be who defies me,
 Swift and sure is my vengeance, the world else belies me;
 Thou shalt die! such an insult I never forgive,
 So prepare, for thou hast not a moment to live."
 "Forbear, I beseech thee, Sir Spider, to spill
 The blood of so worthless a victim—to kill
 A foe so ignoble, so vulgar of name,
 Would tarnish thy glory and sully thy fame;
 Ne'er let it be read in fair history's page,
 That arms so illustrious as thine did engage
 With a poor helpless Gnat, who, his fealty to prove,
 Thy castle had sought on a mission of love."
 "How say'st thou, Sir Gnat, on a mission of love?
 Pr'ythee hasten thy vaunted affection to prove."
 "Sir Spider, the secret I came to disclose
 Most deeply concerns thee—thy deadliest foes,
 The malapert Flies, in the old sugar jar
 Are holding just now a sage council of war;
 And sorely it grieves me to add, report saith,
 Are determin'd to hunt ev'ry Spider to death,
 But cheer thee, Sir Spider, accept my advice,
 And I'll promise thee ample revenge in a trice:
 To the sugar jar haste, and, while none can perceive,
 Thy silken toils over its gaping mouth weave;
 In vain will they threaten, and struggle, and curse thee,
 Blue-bottles enough will there be at thy mercy.
 But we waste time in talking—a moment's delay
 Might be fatal—permit me, I'll show you the way."
 "Base wretch!" cried the Spider, in accents of thunder,
 "Foul treachery lurketh thy honied words under."

Do'st call it, vile ingrate! a mission of love,
 Thyself thus a cowardly traitor to prove?
 Let my neighbours, the Flies, hold ~~a~~ council of war, *Their*
 As oft as they please in the old sugar jar;
 Too old and too wise in the world have I grown,
 To meddle, Sir Gnat, in affairs not my own;
 For thyself, or I greatly mistake, kit and kin
 Might all be devour'd to save your own skin;
 But, lucky for them, I've a fancy to eat thee,
 A young tender gnat for a change would a treat be;
 For moths and blue-bottles I care not a rush,
 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'
 And 'tis well when a king for his appetite caters,
 If he thus can afford such a warning to traitors."
 So saying, he pounc'd on his trembling victim,
 Suck'd his blood, nor had finish'd his meal till he'd pick'd
 him.

March 6.—Heaven help the poor wretch
 who has no friends left in this world but his
 attorney! No doubt his usefulness to so-
 ciety is beyond price, rendered indispensable
 to it by its infirmities; but there is some-
 thing in the nature and effect of his func-
 tions, terrible to faulty beings like myself,
 on whose skull the organs of thoughtlessness
 are far more developed than those of me-
 thod and carefulness. I frequently think,

unfortunately

my dear aunt, of what you often used to say to me—"Tom, you will never be a man of business."

And don't you remember the answer I always made you, at which you couldn't help smiling in spite of all your gravity?—

y? "Why, don't you clear the room, my dear aunt, of every thing but the chairs and tables—your pictures—your statuettes—

your choice old china—your buhl cabinets—antique girandoles—*marqueterie*, and old

sèvres, are all useless, except for ornament, &

and might, for any good they are, be packed up and sent to Christie's?"

& "Tom," you used to reply, getting up as grave a face as you could, "my dear brother Godfrey's large fortune, ~~which he~~ bequeathed to me, was not made without long and honourable service; I must take care, I fear, that his nephew don't live to want a crust and a clean shirt."

Hitherto, my dear aunt, I have steered clear of the literal fulfilment of your prediction; but the look-out begins to assume rather a forlorn aspect, I must allow; and 'twill be "hard up" with me, and no mistake, unless your heart relent, and you either send me the wherewithal to continue an ornament to society, or set me up, in good earnest, as a man of business.

Blanche tells me she has changed the last five-pound note; when that is gone, there is nothing for it but starvation or the soup-pails; but ^{as} for a clean shirt, one's hands, if necessity demand ~~it~~, must be capable of more things even than making beds and cleaning boots, so I'm independent of the *blanchisseuse*—that's a consolation. But my poor wife, how will she weather the storm, and soon to be a mother? That thought distracts me. To my aunt the mention even of such an event, would be only an aggravation of my sins. Courage, cou-

8
rage, *nil desperandum!* I will write the long-contemplated letter—the last resource, and if that fails, then—God help us!

I have been thinking, if my aunt insists 8
on my becoming a man of business, what calling would best suit me—there's the difficulty. Now, I can sketch pretty well; Henrietta always declared there were no gems in her scrap-book like mine, not even Fred. Jewel's, although he had been a tour all through the Isle of Wight, and got his portfolio crammed with *chef d'œuvres*; so, with Blanche's assistance, we might drive a pretty trade at the bazaars, or by taking profiles at half-a-crown a head. Then, there was an excellent opening at Rookwood for a schoolmaster, and 1
/ with a decent knowledge of French and German, what an acquisition we might be to the rising generation thereabouts. True, a village-schoolmaster's life was no bed of roses, as poor John Denyer, the last master of Rookwood,

used often to say, when the ladies Bountiful at the Thorns, would insist on his leaving off smoking. No man was better suited for the post than John, if he would but have consented to lay aside sundry queer habits distasteful to his patronesses. Thumping knowledge into thick skulls is, in truth, hard labour, and, after all, there was not much harm in a quiet pipe or pinch of snuff at fit and proper seasons; but then they made his clothes smell of tobacco, and great ladies who patronized his school could not endure to have their olfactory nerves so outraged, and their *bouquet de mille fleurs* overpowered; so poor John became aware that a village pedagogue's life, even under the auspicious smiles of great ladies, was not a bed of rose, far less of tobacco leaves. I think that if it should ever be my fate to take John's place, I should know on which side my bread was buttered, better than to offend the great ladies of Rook-

;/ woody I think I should be philosopher
 enough to make my inclinations subservient
 to my interests; others might fume and
 fidget as they pleased, my philosophy would
 be to realize the incalculable advantages of
 / concession—to see and hear, and act like a //
 wise man, whose best wisdom consists in //
 ,/ such cases in hearing and seeing, and doing //
 ,/ nothing but with the eyes and understand-
 ,/ ing of the authorities; in fact, in acting in
 all matters, and under every circumstance, -
 till I could do better—just as my patrons
 should direct me. If there ^{ere} ~~was~~ no vacancy
 at Rookwood, there was the church; I was
 -/ not yet thirty, Gawky of the Guards got
 his ordination at forty; physic was out of
 -/ the question, I felt faint if I saw a cut fin-
 ger; for the bar I was too late; and as to //
 an attorney, I would rather pick oakum
 with Blanche all my life in the union.

After all, it was very difficult for a man,
 that had never been taught either profession

or business of any sort, to become a profitable subject. Perhaps, all things considered, there was no life would suit us both better than a pretty genteel cottage and garden in the Welch hills, with a meadow and orchard, and a cow and a pigstye, and a dove-cot, and a Newfoundland dog for little Tommy to ride on, and with my rod and gun, and enough to make both ends meet, we should wait as patient as lambs till it pleased Aunt Lucy to put us in possession of the five thousand a-year, we should then be so well fitted to enjoy. Altogether, there was a secret conviction in my own mind that this would answer in the end, for one of my pretensions, better than business. Of course, if Aunt Lucy were positive, I must yield, but should try hard for the cottage and fly-fishing in the Welch hills. Not that I was insensible to the far superior claims of an active, business-driving life, and a well-regulated turn of mind.

no doubt, It was surprising how much could be got through, and what advantages realized, when things were done in a business-like manner, with which sentiment and sympathy had nothing to do. For instance, with what stoical indifference the surgeon whips off *Q.* his patient's arm, and hands it, without a shudder, for inspection to his scientific attendant: mark with what enviable nerve the Judge signs the criminal's death-warrant, and with what still greater indifference ~~does~~ Jack Ketch adjust the knot and draw the *;* bolt, and the reverend chaplain, how composedly he ~~advances to~~ the fatal signal. *gives* ~~all is~~ *A* done scientifically—quite business-like, my dear Sir Peter, and got through in little more time than the sheriffs take to breakfast *;* ~~and how?~~ *;* Simply, as you say, because it is all done according to the rules of business.

And now mark, if you please, yonder fresh-coloured, little, thick-set, smirking-

looking man, in suit of black and snow-white
 neckcloth, with those sharp twinkling eyes
 and sensual mouth; his whole appearance
 betokens peace within and good-will to
 all mankind; he is a man of business—an
 attorney, and at this moment—you see his
 smile—is congratulating himself in how busi-
 ness-like a way he has ~~run~~ ^{ensnared} his victim ~~secundum artem~~; nevertheless, there is not
 a word to be said against Mr. Ferret—he is
 a most useful and highly-respectable mem-
 ber of society—a man of thorough business-
 like habits, never mind a pin if his head be
 like a ~~serpent's~~ ^{serpent's} and his heart as cold as
 stone, feeling would impair the utility of his
 vocation—the advancement of his clients'
 interests is secondary only to his own—a
 grain of conscience might destroy them
 both. Poor fellow, he is hard fagged—he
 he does not earn his fees by idleness, he
 has but just returned from the gaol where-
 in his duty has compelled him to im-

, poor creature!

luckless

mure his fellow-creature; his harassed nerves must stand in need of relaxation; see, he has taken his hat to go and recruit his spirits with a substantial luncheon at his favourite tavern; to wish it ~~might~~ be his last would be sinful; but, when his time comes, I do think he may be spared, and still enough left of the same kidney to supply his honoured place, and get fat on the miseries of misfortune.

may

March 7.—In recording my lack of sympathy for Messrs. Ferret and Co. I would not be supposed to speak disrespectfully of that branch of the profession which numbers among its members men second to none in existence for honour and integrity, and with whom such scape-graces as I, am no more to be put in *juxta* position, for most good purposes, than a child's pop-gun is with a forty-pounder. Low, however, as I am just now in the scale, there is yet a state in which I might be, in my own esti-

top

mation, lower. The word low has various significations, according to the application—there are low lands—low spirits—low connexions—low funds; all of these have their disadvantages, but there is nothing absolutely repulsive or irredeemable in their contemplation; there is one condition of lowness, however, which is irretrievably shocking—the lowness of a low attorney. Had I a knave for a son, I would rather see him breaking stones on the roads, than witness him gaining thousands by the business-like sacrifice of his best feelings here, and his eternal peace, perhaps, hereafter. I would beware how I chose an education for him, calculated rather to ossify the heart than form the understanding; I trust I should have sufficient sense to be aware of the dangerous organ developing on my darling's skull, and should have more feeling for him, than to submit it to the fertile influence of an attorney's office, ~~albeit~~ to the misery of

inevitably

most probably,

30

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his fellow-creature, and, ~~may be,~~ his own perdition. My dear Mrs. Johnson, you are consulting your friends as to the choice of a profession for your sons George and Henry; you say, that as George is a sharp, knowing lad, you thought of articling him to Messrs. Gobble and Ferret, the eminent solicitors; Henry is a mild, meek, conscientious boy, therefore you design him for the church. You were never more in error; reverse your determination, and the chances are that Henry would make an honest lawyer, and George an efficient priest. Be assured, my dear madam, that your sharp lads are possessors, generally, of better heads than hearts; nor is there anywhere where their peculiar attributes are so likely to be fostered into thriving maturity, as in the hot-bed of a lawyer's office; under the best auspices, the experiment would be a hazardous one—under the worst, attending the mon-


knowing

8

8

grel practice of a low attorney, the result is infallible.

March 10.—At last, the all-important letter that my pride—the worst enemy I ever had to deal with—has so long kicked against, is now on its way to its destination. Aunt Lucy will get it, if she's alive, to-morrow. Blanche's entreaties overcame all scruples. Heaven bless her! she deserves any sacrifice I can make for her. If my Aunt has any love left for me, my liberation cannot be far distant; she will know all now, except my marriage—that I dared not acknowledge, for she still has hopes that I will at last yield to her wishes, and that she shall live to see the hopes nearest and dearest to her heart realized by my union with Henrietta. Blanche pretended to be quite unconcerned to-day when I was talking about her; but I could see the tears in her eyes, as, patting me on the cheek, she said, half crying, half laughing—"Tom, you must



get rid of me, and then you can have ~~Cle-~~
~~mentina~~ and her large fortune."

"Blanche," said I, kissing her pale cheek,
"you know I love my Aunt Lucy—she is
my only surviving near relation, and, consi-
dering everything, has ever been a generous
and indulgent friend to me; nor am I in-
sensible to the value of her large fortune,
which some concessions on my part would
have secured to me; but you know too,
much as I love her, much as Henrietta de-
serves and possesses my heartfelt regard and
esteem—and no one has a greater claim on
them—that there is one I love and cherish
far beyond all other earthly considerations;
the sacrifices I have made for that one, is
the best proof I can give her of my love and
devotion; nor would I, if it cost her a pang,
exchange one hair of *her* head, for all Hen-
rietta's ~~manifold~~ charms, or Aunt Lucy's
treasures, were they ten times more precious
than they are."

Such a sweet embrace repaid this declaration as no other lips but Blanche's could have bestowed, and my heart has been as light as a cork ever since.

March 11.—It is surprising how, when no longer attainable, people can do without those things that, as long as the power to enjoy them lasted, they thought were indispensable to their existence. There is nothing like compulsory short commons to teach the lesson of frugality—to instruct a man in the art and mystery of correct valuations. The truth is, the mere natural wants of life are very few, and may be satisfied at little cost. There would be small cause for discontent if the right meaning and ~~application~~ ^{capability} of the word *enough* were understood and appreciated. But we live ~~conditions~~ in an artificial state. Some, as we have noticed before, scarcely know the use of their hands and feet, much less how to turn their time ~~or money~~ to the best account. Old

C 3

and opportunities
and carried out.

8 Sir John Lollatease would hardly comprehend you if you told him that his carriage is a luxury, and that he owes his present fit of the gout to a ride, instead of a walk, every day of his life. Fancy Sir John's face over a neck of mutton and turnips, or the chagrin of Lady Lollatease, reduced to bread and cheese and porter—the porter, by the bye, is a luxury. Conceive the consternation of my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, necessitated to subsist, for one whole day, on their union dietary; and yet, say they—
W “What so wholesome as poor-law porridge?”

We are creatures of habit and imitation—we will enjoy ourselves if we can, and no fools either; but may rest assured, that all
-/ beyond enough must be paid for, in one shape or another, at the sacrifice of health, or pocket, or peace of mind. We gentlemen in misfortune, who have had our swing,
8 see things so clearly, that are only in a confused whirl in the perceptions of those who

are having theirs ; we are privileged moralists, nor care we a button for the taunts of those who cry—" Physician, heal thyself." Surely it would be worse than folly to reject the advice of the physician, because he is himself diseased ; on that very account he may be our fittest counsellor against the maladies with which he himself may be afflicted, and therefore most likely to be well conversant in the nature and treatment of ours. We are not to refuse the medicines necessary for our cure, because the doctor does not take them himself, any more than we are to scoff at the comforting offerings of religion, because the minister appointed to instruct us stands in need of its spiritual edification as much or more than ourselves. *Experientia sapientiam docet* ; and, although a lecture on sobriety may seem at first sight to come with rather a bad grace from a drunkard, yet hear him, for he may be able to tell some tales of sin and sorrow, a thou-

8 sand times more likely to turn the sot into a decent member of society, than all the tee-total philosophy of Father Matthew, or the incredible discoveries of the hydro-pathic professors put together.

I was saying, that we must pay the piper if we will dance ; yes, it is just this fatal leaping before we look, and the inability often to repair our false steps, that throws so many into dangerous and ridiculous positions : but others dance and cut a fine figure, and so must we ; it is the *mode*, and as well be out of the world as not in its fashion. This spirit of competition is not always compatible with self-esteem ; but self, which in such matters ought always to be the first prudential consideration, is usually the last ; then come of course neglect, and mortification, and disappointment, and disgrace. It is this dread of neglect that drives so many to foreign lands, who, if they had but the courage to avow themselves what they really

useful,

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are, and knew the value of enough, might live happy, and respected at home. The same retrenchment adopted in their own country, which they are compelled to observe abroad, would, they fear, subject them to the sneers of their acquaintances, and the dread of encountering these induces thousands of well-intentioned persons to forsake the land of their birth, and all the advantages it affords—where else to be obtained?—for the delusive prospect of enjoyment and forgetfulness in other climes. Certain it is, that an Englishman can live cheaper, in the aggregate, in England, than in any other country; he may hide his head, and endeavour to drown reflection amidst foreign crowds, but *dulce domum* will sound at his heart, and, in spite of all his alien habits, often lead him back to the home of his kindred, which his own follies alone compelled him to forsake; and happy would it be for many, now lingering out a wretch-

ed and unprofitable existence, far from their native shores, if the same voice, appealing to their hearts, led them, ~~in fact~~, back again—whatever might be the humiliation—to the land of their fathers. Depend on it, if a man, from extravagance or misconduct, will not, or cannot live respectably in his own country, there is small chance that he will ever be deemed respectable in any other.

How are the foreign loiterers regarded that patronise the Quadrant and the Mall of Leicester Square, and many of whom are honouring us with their company for pretty much the same reason that we continually honour them—~~that~~ we think of them, they no doubt think of us; only John Bull being usually under the worst circumstances, master of a heavier purse than the Frenchman, is proportionately more caressed. In his own happy little Island, a poor fellow may rub on with a little tinkering, if

playing at hide and seek with justice.—What

*The sacrifice is, at best, a sad one,
and the precious title but
a bastard one after all—*

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he will but square his expenditure to his income; he knows the whereabouts and is understood, and can make the most of his chances; in exile, however he may bend to circumstances, and even by long service naturalize himself, ~~it is but a bastard title after all—~~ he is more than half ashamed of it when he has got it; and, yet, how many are there who will encounter all the horrors of poverty and contempt in France and Belgium, rather than, by the necessary retrenchment at home, incur the taunts and neglect of their acquaintances. Alas, false pride and false philosophy, into how many troubles do ye lead your victims, and how little help or consolation do ye afford them in their time of need

March 13.—No answer yet from Aunt Lucy. Although but three days since I wrote, I could not help listening rather anxiously for the post this morning; just as if aunts were always sitting with a pen in

8 hand, reconciled, and ready to draw cheques for their graceless nephews.

Heaven help the unhappy mortal who has constantly to contend against pecuniary difficulties! Of all the troubles of this life, there are none that so absord every feeling, so deaden the energies, so paralyze the best affections of our nature as pecuniary em-
/ barrassments. The sun may shine, the face of the earth smile with peace and plenty, the birds sing, and the flowers yield their sweet perfumes; but his soul is dark and cheerless within him—he enjoys them not. /
The voice of affection may appeal in tones of kindest sympathy to his heart, and per-
8 haps, impart a momentary gleam of hope or comfort, but it will quickly pass away. True, as we make our couch, so must we lie—as we sow, so shall we reap—’tis a just and righteous retribution; but “the quality of mercy is not strained;” and who can observe the ~~miserable~~ and forsaken, struggling

^
destitute

with adversity, and [^]if he can do no more, not feel pity for his sufferings ~~at~~ ^{mark} his pale cheek, his sunken eye, his haggard look; he was once gay and brave and blooming as thyself, his eye as bright, his brow as unclouded as thine own ~~at~~ ^{he} began life without a care, had an open heart and hand for all, and did not lack the means that insure many friends; he abounded [^]indeed, in all the world most prizes, but wanted that which is beyond all other things valuable—wisdom; and those who know him best, may, when the grave has closed over him and all his troubles, think that his faults, though many, were errors rather of the understanding than the heart. God help him! And well it is for all of us that His judgments are more just and merciful than man's—on this rock alone the most wretched may safely repose their trust.

Not every one that reads you a lecture on economy, is necessarily a provident per-

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son. Many pass as the most prudent of their generation, because they leave nothing behind them to be witness of their infirmities—no “damning proof” of their little secret weaknesses. Your intimate friend, with income no better than your own, who has been regaling himself joyously at the *Café de l'Europe*, at the cost of twenty shillings, because he has nothing to shew for it but rosy gills and blinking eyes, thinks himself privileged to lecture you for your extravagance in the display of a new pair of gloves or walking-stick. *His* tastes lie in cod's head, oyster sauce, and sherry cobbler, and, though he stuff till he burst, if he mount a seedy coat and otherwise adopt an economical exterior, he passes for a careful fellow; when, spent he a tithe of what he lavishes on his gluttonous indulgences, in replenishing the cravings of the outward man, all the world would cry shame; but the world judges by appearances, and he is

*as I could testify if I liked to
be ill-natured,*

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safe. I know for a certainty, ~~if I liked to
be ill-natured I could testify it too,~~

that the world is very often mistaken. So, if your friend be very loud against your new cravat, or kid glove, ten to one but he luxuriates in cod's head, oyster sauce, and sherry cobbler.

Expensive dining men are usually close shaving gents, as Bolter would call them, in other respects, and take wonderful pains to exhibit no proofs of their darling failings.

the sinners,

Let them eat and drink to their heart's content, if they please, only don't take all they say for gospel; and if they should ever again venture to animadvert on the extravagance of your three shirts and seven cambric pocket handkerchiefs a week, ask them how much their yesterday's dinner cost? enough, I'll warrant, to pay your laundress for the next month.

March 14.—I had an ugly dream last night—anxiety plays the deuce with a man's slumbers—don't like this gnawing

six weeks.

pain in my side, too. Allerton may talk as
; he likes—it's the heart ~~as~~ shall soon be all
right again if I can get out of this horrible
place; the pure bracing air of the Welch
B hills, ~~oh~~ what enjoyment! ~~but~~ I cannot B
drive that terrible nightmare from my
thoughts. The dictionaries define night-
—mare, “a morbid oppression during sleep,
resembling a weight on the breast.” Now,
this, as far as it goes, is ^{enough} correct, but if it
were defined a foretaste of the horrors of
the condemned, it would be oftener near
the truth.

If a person waking suddenly out of a
frightful dream, having just shaken off by
a desperate effort the dark spirit that has
been holding him down in the dead of the
night, and all silent and dismal around him,
can turn placidly on his side and compose
himself to sleep again unconcerned, he must
have strong nerves. There is something
awful in these midnight visitations, come

when they will, or whatever may be their cause ; it is immaterial whether it be disordered digestion, a mind ill at ease, or disease of the heart—they are the ugliest visitors one can have at one's bed-side.

The only plan to rid oneself of such imps of darkness is never to be caught supine ;

spirits of evil ~~never~~ approach ^{not} their victims till they have them down, presenting a safe

seat on a defenceless chest, and there they would sit triumphant, but ^{imp-like,} must be

playing their tricks, grinning with fiendish malice, brandishing ^{diabolical} their arms, sucking their

victim's breath, tearing his hair, squeezing his throat, or some other devil's feats performing.

I thought some such spirit of evil had got me down last night, and was

trying his best to strangle me ; I fought with him like a tiger ; then ^{being no match} for him,

I tried to fly ; but he gained on me at every step, and ^{clutching} me by the neck, was

about to pitch me head foremost down ~~the~~ stairs,

& ~~precipice~~, when by a sudden superhuman effort I threw myself on my side, upset his
 -/ Satanic lordship, although generally represented as such an excellent horseman, and -/
 -/ off he scampered, not up the chimney, for there is none, so, I suppose it must have been out at the keyhole; for I could not discern any traces of him, although, in the agitation of the moment, I poked my head
bed side, out at the ~~side of the bed,~~ and glanced ~~with~~
nervously ~~timid fearfulness~~ round the room, almost expecting to see some ugly monster squatting in the corner. My heart thumped away for nearly an hour, and I could not
 & help thinking, that as all things have their uses, the nightmare was perhaps a boon, as
 a foretaste of the horrors of the doomed. Hereupon I felt very serious, and ~~I~~ resolved &
 I would look to my ways. Methought I could still feel the fangs of the dark spirit
 & on my throat, and saw his demoniacal eyes bent on my destruction.

Before I fell asleep I uttered a prayer of thanks that it was but a dream, but inwardly determined, too, as I said before, to look ~~more narrowly~~ to my ways, and repent me of my sins, lest my acquaintance with the powers of darkness should ever be on such terms that I could not shake them off.

“Who knows,” said I to myself, “but that many a sinner has been called to a sense of contrition and amendment by the nightmare, who would have scouted in ~~dis~~ ^{2/} sion, perhaps, all the terrible stories told of the devil, his imps, and agents;” and with this profound reflection I fell into a sound unbroken sleep till morning.

Talking of the spirits of darkness, Bolter came in laughing from across the yard, while I was telling Colville my dream, evidently full of something that had tickled his fancy. We could see, as he ~~lounge~~ into the room, that he was in a communicative mood.

and kangars on;

came whistling

"Something afloat, eh, Bolter?" said Colville; "out with it, old fellow."

"I have been laughing ready to burst," explained Bolter, as well as he could articulate, "at a story the top-sawyer ~~has been~~ *just now* telling us ^{was} about the devil and Jules Baptiste's wife."

"Tragedy or comedy?" asked Colville.

"Should I be laughing, then, gents, if it were a crying matter?"

"Yes," insisted Colville, "you would laugh at a funeral—you can't help it, but *it's constitutional* which is it, comedy or tragedy?"

"Well, then, it partakes of the serio-comic." *we expected," approved Colville.*

"The very thing ~~we wanted~~; so, wash your throat with a bumper to our united healths and speedy deliverance, and let us have it."

Thus propitiated, Mr. Bolter, having drained his glass, gave us the top-saw-

- not to keep you any longer in suspense -

yer's story, which ran, as well as I can recollect, nearly as follows.

Jules Batiste was an honest, hard-working fellow in the main, although, may be, a little too fond of his *café* and the dominoes, and used to return home sometimes at rather unseasonable hours; so, Madame Batiste, certainly, had some shew of reason for grumbling and wishing him and his boon companions, as many good wives often do their better halves and their dissolute habits, at the devil. Now, Jules, when any of his friends expostulated with him on the folly of squandering his money in drink and gambling, would have it, ^athat if he went home, there was no comfort for him.

"Elénore was always washing ~~there~~ *there* was Ralph Caffier's little wife Virginie had the cloth always laid ready and the pot boiling with something tempting in it for *her* husband, when he came home from his

work ; but *his* Elénore was for ever at the wash tub—he could get no supper.”

However this might be, it must be allowed that Madame Batiste was a picture of cleanliness herself, and no doubt there was always a clean shirt and blouse for Jules whenever he wanted them ; still, there may be too much of a good thing, and the neighbours could not but agree that it was a thousand pities Madame had not finished her washing and got supper ready by the time her husband came home, instead of being eternally slopping and scouring, and scolding, and wishing him and his companions at the *diable*. Matters, however, continued to go on pretty much the same, till Jules, ~~on one occasion~~ having partaken rather more freely than usual of the wine cup, and lost his last franc piece at dominoes, returned home in anything but one of his pleasantest moods.

"Always up to your elbows in soap suds," growled Jules; "I want my supper."

"Give me the money to buy it, then," retorted Madame, snappishly, and wiping the suds from ~~her~~ arms. *her*

"What's in the cupboard?"

"Nothing but the pork bone, and some cold potatoes." *Q*

"Go and get some sausages, then, at Boutoille's, and score them—I have no money."

"Madame Boutoille won't give any more credit—you owe for the last pork chops."

"*Sacre!*" and so Jules set to, to cursing his wife and the wash tubs. One word led to another, till, losing his temper, he gave her so violent a shove that she was almost upset, and in the endeavour to regain her balance, off went her favourite black net cap with the rose coloured ribbons into the water. */*

/ "You brute! you know you are!" cried

Madame Batiste

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~~she~~, as soon as she could articulate—for the excess of her rage seemed almost to have deprived her of her tongue; “you call yourself a man, and a husband—the devil take all such poltroons!”

“*Tenez, tenez!*” laughed Jules, fearing, perhaps, he had gone a little too far; “you want the devil to take me, I suppose, that you may be widow Batiste, eh, and be setting your cap at that Condett, the *douanier*?”

“Condett? *mon Dieu!* as great a savage as yourself, and no less sot; guess again.”

“Well, well, I am not going to the devil yet awhile, so don’t think it, to make way—
for number three.”

you’re “Jules, ~~you are~~ a brute, that you are!” cried Madame, working herself afresh into a passion, as she cast a woeful glance on the tumbled cap; “there, look there, you wretch! and you know it cost me six francs ten sous, if it cost a liard.”

"More's the shame," muttered Jules, "and not a crust in the cupboard; you shouldn't be wearing your Sunday finery at the wash tub."

"Oh, the ingratitude of you wicked men! if it were not for your wife's respectable appearance, you couldn't get credit for a *petit pain*."

"Then you don't mean to get me my supper?"

"I have no cap to go in."

"Then I'll go myself."

"*Allez au diable, si vous voulez.*"

"After you, my angel," replied Jules placidly, as he lighted his pipe; and, so saying, he took his hat and started off in no very agreeable mood, in quest of his sausages. S

He had scarcely turned the corner, and was debating in his mind whether he should throw himself into the ~~Liaison~~ and so end all his earthly troubles, or return to his ~~café~~ *mine,* and take his chance of a supper how he S

could, or whether he should go and coax Madame Boutoille into furnishing the necessary supplies, when ^mwho should he run against but his bosom friend and confidant, Ralph Caffier.

italics “Ha, Jules! what’s in the wind now?” cried Ralph; “sacre bleu! but you look as if you had been at loggerheads with Elénore again.”

“I am hungry, and want my supper.”

“I thought as much; but this isn’t the way home to get it.”

“Home! there’s nothing there but soap suds and sour looks.”

“And didn’t I tell you how it would be when you would marry Rault’s widow?—Didn’t she break poor François’ heart with her confounded slopping and scolding?”

she's “*Peste*, yes—and not a day passes now but ~~she is~~ at the wash tub, and when I go home wishing me, too, at the devil.”

“*Tenez, tenez!* my dear fellow—you

/ can cure her of that, if you like, in less than /
twenty four hours, and make her the most /
obedient wife in all *Cap/cure*." é/

" *Vraiment !* but how ?"

" *Ecoutez !* You know, Jules, my masquerade dress that frightened Celeste nearly out of her wits at the Carnival? Lucifer himself don't look more diabolical than can I, when I have put the finishing touches. Now attend, then : if to-morrow night's dark enough, we will have a little private drama, the principal character of Lucifer by Ralph Caffier, the performance to commence at nine o'clock precisely ; you must engage Elénore's attention for a moment, while I slip the back way unperceived into the little *cabinet* next the *salle* ; then, as quick as possible, you must pick a quarrel with her—it's the easiest thing in the world, once in a rage, she'll be sure to call the devil, as usual, to her aid, and then—leave the rest to me." /

"But the fright might kill her," interposed Jules.

"Deuce a bit!" said Ralph; "and, if it did, Louise would have a chance, that's all."

By this time the two friends had arrived at Ralph's cottage, into which Jules did not require much pressing to enter, and partake of the supper which Virginié, after welcoming her husband with a kiss on each cheek, and shaking his friend cordially by the hand, like a kind hospitable little thing as she was, soon placed before them.

Punctually as the clock struck nine, was Ralph at ~~Jules's~~ ^{Jules'} cottage the next night, enveloped in an ample cloak, which, reaching to his feet, completely concealed his person; and Madame Batiste's attention being diverted, as had been agreed on, to some passing object in the street, he slipped unobserved into the closet.

"Now, then, for supper," called Jules, "~~I'm as hungry as a hunter, Elénore. Do~~

*"I had hardly a morsel for dinner;—
Elénore, do*

those confounded

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you hear? Put aside ~~the~~ wash tubs for to-night, and get the supper."

"There it is in the cupboard—you can help yourself."

"*Diable*," cried Jules, and, pushing past his precious helpmate, he contrived to rush with such force against the table, that, apparently to save himself from falling, he caught at his wife's cap and tore it from her head. Ye powers of confusion, what a scene! Crimson with ~~rage~~ she turned on him like a tigress; but failing to find words to ~~express~~ the terrible ~~passion~~ with which she was bursting, shook her fist in his face, and screaming—"You brute, you brute, may the devil fetch you!" sank exhausted with passion into a chair.

Scarcely had the words been uttered, when, Heaven preserve us! talk of the devil—in rushed Lucifer himself in all his terrors, and drawing himself up to a gigantic height, while he brandished an enormous javelin,

D 3

give vent to

exclaimed in a voice of thunder, enough to ~~the~~ make ~~your~~ blood curdle in your veins—

“Behold, I am here! Woman, what are thy commands?”

It was enough—Madame cast but one terrified glance at the terrible apparition she had invoked, and merely ejaculating, “~~Oh~~ Jules, *mon dieu, mon dieu!*” fell senseless on the floor. When she returned to her senses, the dreadful spirit had disappeared; and Jules, who feared they had carried the joke too far, was leaning anxiously over her pillow.

“Where, where is he?” she cried, as she cast her eyes wildly round the room; “is he gone? Jules, Jules, tell me—is he gone?”

“Whom mean you—whom?” entreated Jules.

“The apparition!—there, Jules—that dreadful apparition!”

“Apparition, my angel? I saw and

/ heard nothing to be alarmed at, but yourself, /
in a violent passion with your poor Jules,
because he wanted his supper; and, in his
awkwardness to reach it, disarranged your
cap, while you were calling on the devil to
come and snatch him from your arms."

O "Oh, Jules, forgive me!—it must have
- / been a dream, a delusion—but a horrible
dream it was! Say, shall we make a vow,
dear Jules, never to have another angry word?"

"Oh yes, Elénore, with all my heart!
Keep but to that, my darling, and we shall
set the devil at defiance."

Whether Madame kept her vow so strict-
ly as never to have another angry word, it
don't much matter to inquire; but, they
say, ~~that~~ from that day, Jules has become
quite a reformed character; he brings his
wages regularly home at unexceptionable
hours, instead of spending them over the
beer pots, and has never since been heard
to complain of going to bed supperless.

himself

8

March 15.—If a man would rightly appreciate the value of his senses, let him be prohibited from their exercise for a while—if he would know how blessed a privilege it is to see, and hear, and taste, and feel, throw him into a dark dungeon for a time, observe the silent system too, see that he neither speaks nor is spoken to; if he be an epicure, put him on bread and water—and if of a poetical or musical turn, let no earthly sounds reach his ears but the clanking of chains, the grating of bolts and bars, and the cries and lamentations of despair. If these don't teach him the lesson of appreciation and gratitude, nothing will. Such ~~were~~ my reflections, when honoured by a visit from the Concierge this morning, to request—that gentlemen would not sing, it was against the regulations.' First came Bolter.

“*Chantiez vous, Monsieur Bolter?*”

“I chant? Law, love ye! I'm not a cho-

was the tenour of

rist—d'ye think I'd do such a thing? I say, gents—why am I like Sir Robert Inglis?—You'll never guess.—Because I wouldn't do a naughty thing for the world—if I knew it.”

“*Chantiez vous, Monsieur Colville?*” proceeded the Concierge.

~~“*Moi! Mon Dieu! je veux que je pourrais.*”~~

“*Diable!* Then it must be Monsieur Thornton.”

It was useless for me to plead Bolter's innocence, or Colville's ignorance, for I had just finished a touching little air from Rosini, when the Concierge, who had been lingering ~~at~~ a sly dog, in raptures, no doubt, at my door—walked in without ceremony. I was sitting upright in bed, and suppose I stared at him, surprised, as well I might.

“*Bon jour, Monsieur Thornton; comment vous portez vous? Vous êtes très gai ce matin, monsieur.*”

I?—Heaven help me! what's there to sing about? Besides—haven't the gift—worse luck.”

This was too civil not to be the prelude to something serious; so I merely continued staring. /

"Pardon, monsieur, mais c'est defendu de chanter—c'est contraire au reglements de la prison."

"Eh bien, Monsieur le Concierge," said I, *"donc il me faut dancier ;"* and was about to suit the action to the word, when, in spite of himself, he burst out laughing, and thus spared us both an exhibition more ludicrous than agreeable.

"Bien, bien! vous ne chanterez pas de plus," ~~said~~ *appealed* the Concierge, in a persuasive tone; and off he walked, to carry the success of his mission to the Governor. 88

"Well," thought I, "it is necessary, even with locks, and bolts, and iron bars, staring him in the face, to remind a poor fellow sometimes that he has lost his liberty."

Who could help singing? Colville's *avocat* had just announced to him the joyful

tidings, that by twelve o'clock, if he chose, he might be a free man. There could hardly be a question as to his choice, although it might cost him a pang to tear himself away from two such companions in misfortune. Hereupon, naturally enough, as soon as Marteau's back was turned, we set up such a clamour of congratulations as never before was heard in the *Hotel d'Angleterre*. As to Bolter—in the exuberance of his feelings, we thought the tears of joy ~~and laughter~~ would never cease flowing; but when it was made clear to him, that the cracked bread pan and the two rush mats were in reality his own, his delight was so excessive, that I do think, if anything had happened to keep Colville in another day, his health must have suffered severely : but all had been made too safe by that prince of *avocats*, Marteau, and Colville was whistling like a man off whose mind a great load had been removed ; while I, to wind up the

and absolutely

chorus, was throwing off, with inimitable feeling, one of the most exquisite little melodies that ever was heard within a prison's walls.

No wonder the Governor and Monsieur le Concierge were up in arms; such doings in a republican gaol were too scandalous to be tolerated; music too, of all things; what right had prisoners to be happy—and English prisoners too? it was setting the Governor at defiance—such insubordination could not be borne.

P Talk of the parting scenes between lovers—poet's eye never witnessed, nor imagination conceived anything so affecting as Colville's farewell to his friends in misfortune; the struggle was fearful. Had it been but a shade less lovely day than it was—had it rained never so little, or even a dark cloud come over at that moment, there is no knowing, so great seemed his reluctance to say good bye, but that he might

it was against all order and propriety—

like good and devoted friends
= lovers

TOM THORNTON.

65

have snapped his fingers at liberty, unpacked his moveables, resumed possession of the mats and bread pan, and remained our jovial neighbour and companion, till we could all walk out together one fine morning: but there was not a cloud in the heavens, nor sign of one that day; it was a glorious morning, no doubt the birds were singing, and the spring-flowers budding forth with joyous promise; what if he stayed another day or two? the issue was getting more doubtful every moment, when the announcement by the Concierge, that a *voiture* was at the prison door, waiting to convey him and his baggage away, was decisive.

“Farewell, then,” said he at last, not without emotion; “best friends must part sometimes—farewell, Thornton! can I do anything for you?”

“Thank you, thank you—yes, you may go round to my creditors, if you like, and

wish them, with my best compliments, joy of their liberty this heavenly day."

Q "I am afraid, my dear fellow, they would not appreciate the sentiment; I should prefer being your banker, and going round and paying the gents, as Bolter calls them, in the only coin current with them, and have the honour of your company at dinner to-morrow—that would be a regular corker, eh, Bolter?"

Q "Wouldn't it, that's all?" responded poor Bolter, forcing a smile. It was the first time I had ever seen him serious; perhaps he thought it would not seem decorous to be giggling at such a moment, lest we might attribute it to the acquisition of the sundry little presents, which, during the process of packing up, Colville's generosity had forced on his acceptance. Be this as it may, he was unusually pensive during the morning, and to Colville's inquiry "if he could do anything for him?" replied, assum-

ing an air of deep dejection, while he squeezed his "wide-awake" into no end of different grotesque shapes—"Mr. Colville, I am sure I feel more than I can express for all your kindnesses, and Mr. Thornton's —/ too; I am sure if my uncle in Buckinghamshire did but know——"

"Don't mention it, old fellow," interrupted Colville; "is there anything more I can do for you?"

"Why, then, certainly, if you could just speak a word for me to Marteau, to get my case brought before the Tribunal, or, if you happened to be going to Paris, you would lay a petition before the President, and see fair play—that might lick 'em."

may "You ~~might~~ depend, that you know, on my doing all I can for you with Marteau," assured Colville; "rely on it, if he can't 'lick 'em' nobody can;" and so saying, and again heartily shaking hands and exchanging pledges of eternal friendship and devotion,

—haver't the slightest doubt of it—

he gave the last polish to his hat, and drawing on a pair of bran new lemon coloured kid gloves, waved us a last farewell; then having saluted the Governor and Madame D. and the Concierge, thanked them for all attentions received, and presented Mademoiselle with a last bouquet of polyanthuses provided expressly for the occasion, he turned his back, happy dog! then and for ever, it is to be hoped, on *la Maison d'arrêt de Boulogne sur Mer*.

May better luck attend him than has hitherto, seemingly, fallen to his lot! He was a kind, cheerful, open-hearted fellow, an agreeable companion, and a ~~generous~~ friend; I have sustained a loss by his departure, which I shall sorely feel, notwithstanding the acquisition of a more habitable chamber, and a fireplace *gratis* for three weeks, Bolter having informed me privately that it was always paid for a month in advance.

considerate

"I don't know how you feel, Mr. Thornton," observed Bolter, shortly after his departure, "but the place don't seem natural, does it, without Mr. Colville?"

I acknowledged the greatness of our loss, which I assured him I was to the full as sensible of as himself.

"I never did see such a chap for chaffing; but his heart was in the right place, Mr. Thornton."

"You have good reason to say that, Bolter."

"Well, now, I shall never look at that bread pan, and those two mats, but I shall think of him, and if he will but speak a word for me to Marteau, whip me if I shan't always say he has been as good as a mother to me. A corker for them those new yellow kid gloves—he, he, he! I can't help laughing; why is Mr. Colville like the Derby Administration?"

"Can't conceive," said I.

“Because once out, he’s not likely to get in again in a hurry.”

But it was now time to think of removing into my new lodging, and to set about the necessary rout out, previous to taking formal possession.

“Give yourself no anxiety about it,” said Bolter; “leave it all to me, and, in less than an hour, it shall be fit for a prince.”

So to work he went in good earnest, to mop and scrub and scour and polish, that before evening, having got everything into its place, lighted a fire and boiled the kettle, we sat down to tea together, if not quite like two princes, at all events not a little proud of my title to the most elegant *salon* in the *Hotel d’Angleterre*. Over the fireplace, my dear aunt, is suspended, a water-coloured portrait of Blanche Thornton: I love to sit and gaze on that sweet face, for it is never without a smile for me, while all round the room are hung the charming pro-

ductions of her inimitable pencil, relieved by the two black profiles of which honourable mention has been made before. By the side of the fire-place is a recess in which we have placed the table hired of my fellow sufferer Bolter at ten sous a week, covered with an elegant plaid cotton handkerchief, serving for my books and papers and a writing-desk ; then there is another smaller one, the same on which we so often spread our dessert when we used to sit and chat away many a heavy hour over our cigars and glass of *St. Emilion vieux*—this answers the double purpose of a washstand in the morning, and for meals afterwards. The bed stands in the corner opposite the window, close to the door, the clothes peg of which is the same that poor St. John hung himself on some time ago. I used to shudder once whenever I cast my eyes on that door, but habit reconciles us wonderfully to the contemplation of sights and subjects

which at first blanched our cheeks even to think of. It would be as well if the mind were never familiarized with any but such as tend to its elevation.

But this has nothing to do with the inventory of my furniture and effects, a description of which I was giving you, my dear aunt, that you may know some day what progress your hopeful nephew is making in the art and mystery of not only cutting his coat in conformity with your favourite maxim—according to his cloth, but also, doing the thing stylishly rather out of the remnants.

8 *March 17.*—A *levée* again this morning in my new lodging, and many congratulations on my improved appearance; Blanche in raptures with the *poêle*, as if she had never seen such a thing as a fire-place before in her life. An hour was spent in arranging every thing afresh—laying out in the most convenient manner my crockery and culi-

nary utensils, stowing away the bread and butter and tea and sugar and coffee in snug corners, tacking up a clean pair of muslin blinds to the window, and adding three more gems from her own exquisite designs to my valuable collection of works of modern art, that, when twelve o'clock struck, the effect was so charming, she declared she should be quite happy to pass the remainder of her days with me there. The only thing wanting was a nosegay for my mantel-piece, which she is to bring with her to-morrow; I shall then be perfect, and disposed to wait patiently for Aunt Lucy's letter. In the meanwhile, Sanguine ~~is~~ with Marteau's assistance ~~to~~ to keep a sharp look out after those Huissiers who are running up the costs, they say, ~~as fast as they can~~ supposing, no doubt, that, having lost my companion Colville, I shall soon follow his example and release myself from their toils.

Talking of the Huissiers reminds me of

double quick time,

the extremely doubtful position in which we left that unfortunate victim of fancy-patterned neckcloths, Mr. Augustus Fitzhonourable. Let me see—Mr. Fitzhonourable had just been consigned to durance vile, while Monsieur Halley and Co. were holding ~~secret~~ *sweet* counsel together as to their future plans in his behalf.

I think I told you, my dear Fitz, that your election to go to gaol rather than take Monsieur Halley into your confidence was a wise one; my advice was, likewise, that you should settle with your creditors as quickly as possible, and, by so doing, not only procure your liberation, but arrest the further progress of the Huissiers; for you were never more mistaken if you think that Monsieur Halley and Co. have done with you. Oh, no! they have not made the acquaintance of such an honourable and responsible gentleman as you are, to let you off so easily; they are even now interesting them-

selves in your affairs with an activity and solicitude highly creditable to them.

8 You owe some small sums to various tradesmen in the town, none of any great consequence, and they are all very respectable persons, and have the greatest confidence in you; *^* so you are in no fear of them—very different sort of fellows from the worthies who arrested you yesterday. Let us see if you are reckoning without your host. */*

“Monsieur Fitzhonourable,” calls the gruff voice of the Concierge from below, “*descendez au bureau, s’il vous plait.*”

Nothing could ~~have been~~ *^* more opportune; *be* now we shall see how attentive Monsieur Halley has been since you parted yesterday. You enter the bureau—a shade paler than your usual wont—and are greeted in the most courteous way by Halley himself; his smile has so much sweetness in it, any one might suppose it was the herald of glad

tidings. You are ready to forgive him all his ill manners of the day before, and to fall into any possible arrangement for the settlement of Messrs. Bruin and Co's. account, when your eye rests on a paper in his hand. "What is this?" you ask, rather fluttered, as Halley with a half grin and semi-polite bow draws nearer to explain that it is nothing but a *recommendation* from Monsieur Lemonkey your tailor.

agitated

"A *recommendation*!" exclaim you, a little ~~discomposed~~; "and what is a *recommendation*?"

Fitz

This shews the Huissiers in a moment the simplicity of your character; in other words, that you are a novice at this kind of game, or you would have known that a *recommendation* and a detainer are one and the same sort of thing. In either case you are humanely given to understand, that you cannot quit your present quarters till you have satisfied Monsieur Lemonkey and Co.

He, poor frightened soul ! not acting up to that spirit of confidence in your undoubted responsibility for which you had given him credit, fearing, too, you might make short work of Madame Bruin, and in your haste to turn your back for ever on such an unconscionable set, forget his little *memoire*, deemed it as well to take care of himself, lest you should unintentionally overlook him—you see it all now, Fitz ; there is one the less, that's all, on your list of respectables. But perhaps before twenty-four hours, your opinion of the respectability of the remainder may be wofully shaken. I was right—it has been a hard day's work for Messrs Halley and Co.—they have mopped their foreheads under it many times as they paused to take breath, and compared notes with their clients. But it is worth a little extra steam to do work for such a likely gentleman as Mr. Augustus Fitzhonourable—yes, my dear Fitz, and, in proof of it, there is

respectable and

and not a tradesman in Boulogne with whom you deal, to whom you owe at this moment twenty francs, but has had the honour of a visit from Monsieur Halley—a visit not of mere ceremony, but of condolence and congratulation doubly grateful as coming from the man who of all others has the remedy for their grievances in his hands, if they will only put themselves unconditionally under his control. Mark him—he has just entered Monsieur le Juif's shop, and is saluting Madame most obsequiously, as she hurries from the inner parlour to meet him.

—/ “*Eh bien ! Monsieur Halley, cela va bien ?*” you seem quite exhausted—any news to-day ?”

“*Si, si*—in the way of business.”

“*Ah, mon dieu !* your's is a tiresome trade, and little thanks—*c'est vrai, n'est ce pas, Monsieur Halley ?*”

“*Oui, oui, c'est vrai.*”

in your line,

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"Since the republic, things have been flattish, they say, Monsieur Halley?"

"Looking up again ~~/~~ A job this morning." — a

"*Ah, mon Dieu!* you don't say so—any one I know?"

"*Je ne sais pas.*"

• J "Could it be Monsieur Sanstête? he was a likely man ~~/~~ It was abominable to see Madame with a new bonnet on every month, and Monsieur obliged to ~~give~~ *renew his* billets for three hundred fangs; or that Mademoiselle Corset—nobody ever supposed she could stand with that large shop, with the plate-~~Q~~ glass windows, at ninety pounds a-year; or, perhaps, it was the English family in the *Rue de l'Ecu*—ah, those English!"

✓ "Pardon, Madame ~~/~~ not a word against the English—one of them worth five ~~/~~ Frenchmen any day, to a Huissier—sure pay, my dear Madame."

“Then I cannot guess; and you will not tell me.”

“*Si, si*—that thin, tall, pale-faced, gentlemanly-looking person, with the black curly hair, and the paletôt buttoned up to his neck—Don’t you know him—within ten doors—eh?”

“What, Monsieur Fitzhonourable? *geste!* and he owes us for at least five pair of boots, and I don’t know how many pair of ladies’ white satin shoes, and worked slippers; and so he is nabbed, is he?”

“Don’t let it agitate you for an instant; take my word for it, if the little *memoire* were for five hundred francs, Joson Halley knows how to get every *centime* of it.”

“~~Oh~~ we poor *marchands!* Only think, now, of that Madame Fitz—Fitz—what’s her horrible name?—sending two more pair of worked velvet slippers to be made up, only the day before yesterday—*abominable!*—*n’est ce pas?*”

“ Let me entreat you to be *tranquille*, Madame. When do you expect Monsieur le Juif at home?—Ah, *après midi*?—*bon* ! I will do myself the felicity of dropping in again after dinner ; but not a syllable, recollect, to any one at present. How much, let me see, did you say was the amount of your little *memoire* ? Ah, a hundred and eighty-three francs sixteen sous — always best, in these matters, to be correct—*c’est cela* ? Don’t give it another thought, my dear Madame ; if it were a thousand francs, Joson Halley knows how to get them every sou. *Au revoir !*”

This may serve as a specimen of Monsieur Halley’s business-like way of paying his morning calls. There is not a more jocular man in his line, or one in greater repute among the middling class of *marchands*, than Joson Halley. He may be seen any sunny day, when out of work, lounging indolently and harmlessly, to all appearance, up and

down the *Grande Rue*, with his large silver-mounted Malacca cane, on which he sets great store, doing his best to look amiable, and patting the hopeful progeny of his clients on the head paternally, while he has a sly compliment, or a benign smile, for their mammas. On every anniversary of the *fête* of *St. Nicholas*, the pockets of his long loose coat may be seen stuffed with gingerbread and *bon-bons* for his pets, on the strength of which he has *carte blanche* into every parent's heart for the remainder of the year; not a door but what is open to him—not a family secret but what he is master of. The power and influence of the priest in a French house are considerable, but nothing in comparison with that of the confidential *Huissier*, who, Halley like, knows how to make himself indispensable to the temporal, as the other does to the eternal interests of his ~~dependents~~. This he does in a way peculiar to himself, by spreading

votaries

as much mischief as he can, and yet seeming to be no acting party in the drama, except so far as his services are required in the usual way of business. We have seen how he dropped in accidentally at Monsieur le Juif's—how artfully he laid the train, and then applied the match, and we shall soon see how he means to profit by the explosion.

Having first furnished himself with a list of Mr. Fitzhonourable's creditors, by bribing ~~the domestics~~, he puts on his best suit and most engaging smile, and with his silver-headed cane in hand, sets out to make the round of his droppings in, and to do homage to a class, whom, but for his own interests, he would scarcely deem worthy the sight of his walking cane.

The fearful revelation of poor Fitz's delinquencies is soon managed, with his accustomed skill; and, before twelve o'clock next day, that indefatigable agent is hard at work

*That respectable gentleman's
French domestic,*

over three more *recommendations*, where-
with to astonish the weak mind of his un-
suspicious victim, before he retires for an-
other night's blissful dreams of speedy de-
liverance out of the hands of the Philis-
tines.

By this time, your eyes, dear Fitz, are
pretty well opened ; but there is not the
slightest use in " confounding " those Huis-
siers yet ; save your indignation, if it must
have vent, till the measure of their iniqui-
ty is full ; then give them a broadside, if
you will ; but don't let them hear you, for
your impotent anger would be as the sauce
to the repast—a delicious relish, over which
they would surfeit and smack their lips with
joy. Better to be patient till you can meet
them on equal terms, then, if you have a
mind for some fun, for revenge would be
beneath you, hire a number of little boys
and girls out of the streets, to knock and
ring at their doors ten times a-day for a-

Q week, and inquire politely, if Monsieur le vrai Renard is at home? Should they rush at them in their fury with their silver-headed canes, be close at hand to see fair play; you may then laugh, if you like, till you burst—your triumph will be achieved—you will have unearthed the fox—and it will be your own fault if you have not a fine day's sport. Every place has its lions, and Boulogne will be ever famous for its *Vrai Renard*. But, as Mrs. Rundell judiciously advises, "first catch your hare;" and you, my dear Fitz, if you are panting for your day's sport, first have a clear course before you, then hie away as fast as you like, and hunt up old Reynard's quarters, and capital fun it will be.

Q

Q

Q

Q

How stands the account? Let us see—the arrest, and four *recommendations*; well, the case is not hopeless. Your October remittances, you say, will be ample; knowing the worst, you can make your calculations:

any other little sums you may owe, are considerably under a hundred francs, so there is an end to the *recommendations*; but 'tis a long time to wait till October, the bare idea of imprisonment till then is insupportable. You will write to your agents, Pooke, Hookem and Flash, and soon be a free man again. You are felicitating yourself with this balsamic reflection, when a note is brought you from your wife, requiring an immediate answer—you tear it open, flushed with the vague expectation of good tidings, and read as follows:—

“MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS—The Huissiers are in the house from my milliner, and the coal-merchant, to seize for two hundred and sixty-seven francs. What am I to do? They are taking the clothes almost from our backs. Shall I pay them? And yet, if I part with what little money is left us, we shall not have bread to eat. And that

(cringing bows and

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horrible Halley at the head of it, with his crafty smiles. I have sent off for Marteau—perhaps some arrangement can be made.

Heaven help us! but don't, there's a dear, be cast down on my account, you know I have the courage of a lion when necessary, my chief anxiety is for you; so keep up your spirits, and no doubt to-morrow's post will rescue us from ~~Monsieur Halley's~~ rapacious claws. Marteau come—can do nothing with them. Had I better pay the

creatures? And yet if I do, and our hopes from England should by any chance fail—

Oh Augustus, dear! I shudder to think what must be the consequences. I am almost distracted, ~~anxiously awaiting your~~

~~reply.~~ I shall be determined by what you say; and ever trust, dearest, to the affectionate love of your devoted wife,

Tuesday, &c. &c." I. F."

There needed but this last stroke, Fitz,

to convince you that Monsieur Halley is not the man to do his work by halves. No wonder your cheek is pale, and you stand with your wife's letter in your hand for a moment staggered. But the moments are precious, and you would think so, if you could see the scene that your apartments present at this instant. There is but one right determination to come to—you have wisely taken it, and desired Isabel not to oppose the seizure. What have you said to her? Let us see:—

“ I HAVE no words, my dearest Isabel, to express my grief and consternation at the trouble you are in at home. Oh, Isabel! that I ever could have been such a fool. Marteau will advise you for the best, but it seems to me there is no help for it, circum-
the brutes, stanced as we are at present; for if you satisfy ~~these~~ ^{these}, Halley will bring others on you, as long as there is a franc owing, and you

It needs all your love and devotion for me to bear up against these terrible trials that my insane folly has brought on me

would then be stripped of every thing. No,

no, you must not part with your ~~money~~—

all credit will, of course, be stopped by my

arrest, you must pay ready money for every

thing, and why should I make any pre-

ferences? Let them seize, and when they

have done their worst, the Huissiers will let

us alone. 'Tis but for a day—to-morrow's

post will put us all right again, and then

we can ~~redeem the things if we please~~.

Kiss them all for me, and tell Georgy to

stuff his History of Jack the Giant Killer

into his pocket, for fear Halley should take

a fancy to it for one of his pets; and now,

relying on that admirable courage and self-

possession, for which you were always, dear-

est, so distinguished in times of necessity,

and knowing well that, although you could

witness, without commiseration, the break-

ing of Halley's silver-mounted cane over his

own shoulders, you will restrain, with be-

coming dignity, your righteous indignation,

and snap our fingers at them.

cash

we

fondly

even though he should walk off with all Georgy's rattle-traps, believe me to remain as ever, full of best love and confidence,

y
8 *"Your affectionate husband,*
Hotel d'Angleterre, Tuesday." A. F. 8

8
/ Nothing could be better than this, my dear Fitz; you had no fear of your wife's readiness to sacrifice for your sake, if needs must, all she possessed; but Georgy's rattle-traps were matters too sacred to be parted with without a struggle. Your compliment on her admirable courage and self-possession does you credit. She has read, with her beautiful black eyes filled with tears, your letter, and your heart would swell with pride if you could observe the calm dignity with which she desires the Huissiers to proceed with their work; even Halley himself is half ashamed. Cæsar himself might have been proud of such a bride. One would think that that costly India shawl, and that

the slightest

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sable muff and tippet, were worthless in her eyes; with the exception of ~~a slight~~ heightening of the colour in her cheeks, there was nothing to betray her emotion, as

the rough, dirty paws of that vulgar unfeeling animal seized them for inspection. Oh,

ye powers of mischief! what a rout-out—what havoc—what profanation! mamma's

beautiful dresses and mantles tossed one over the other, as they are noted down in

the Huissier's inventory, Miss Emily's ball-

dresses too, and all those charming presents

from papa and Uncle Joshua—there they go! and her rose-wood desk, and gold neck-

chain, and that darling new Geneva watch, and the Maltese cross, and the antique

cameo bracelets, and the Lyons velvet mantle, which she bought out of her own

money, surely all these are enough to satisfy Monsieur Halley? Oh, no! There are new

trousers, and jackets, and shirts, and shoes, and stockings of Master Frederick, and

Master Augustus, and loads of left-off baby-things, late the property of Master Georgy—there they all go—what a devastation—what a fell swoop! and there is Georgy's go-cart, a curiosity, may sell for something, and Georgy's little low-arm chair, with the curious circular aperture in it—down with it! another curiosity; and what lots of pretty story-books, and picture alphabets, and headless horses, and tailless dogs. But where is the greatest treasure of all—Georgy's Jack the Giant Killer? Where no Huissier, not even the indefatigable Halley himself, would ever dream of looking for it—in Georgy's own pocket, with a few other choice miscellanea, which Mrs. Titball, the nurse, good creature! thought was the safest place to stow them in out of harm's way. Well, there must be an end to every thing in this world—to a Huissier's *grossièreté*, as well as anything else of long duration, and Monsieur Joson Halley must at

last take up his hat and cane, and rid his victims of his hateful presence.

The coast is clear, and poor Isabel, as she looks bewildered around her, has time to reflect with a bursting heart on the fatal consequences of your love, Fitz, for Madame Bruin's satin cravats and primrose-coloured kid gloves; yes, Fitz, be indignant as we may at the scandalous treatment you have received, it is obvious that you have brought it all on yourself, by the indulgence of that weakest point in your nature—the love of dress.

You are not the first man, Fitz, by many, that has paid dearly for the same weakness; almost all the big "swells" now pacing up and down, or playing rackets in the Bench, have had a fatal leaning towards blue satin cravats and primrose-coloured kid gloves; you may form, indeed, a pretty sure prediction of a young man's destiny, by this infallible combination of colours—bright blue

and primrose. Your partiality, Fitz, has been confined to the blue tie, so, there are hopes of you, especially as you have vowed that if ever you put another fancy tie round your neck, you will forgive Halley all the miseries he has brought on you.

Q Sad, indeed, is the spectacle presented of your home/ at this moment ~~huddled to-~~ H together in one room lie the contents of your wife and children's wardrobes; everything marketable has been included in the seizure, and is now under lock and key, awaiting—unless redeemed within a few days—the final order for their public sale. There they lie tumbled together, and, if your intimate friend will take the trouble to stroll next week up the *Rue des Pipots*, ten to one but he will find that handsome muff and tippet of your wife's for sale at Madame Fripiet's for fifty francs, and at the next broker's stall, Georgy's go-cart and arm-chair being

Q

To the authorities

TOM THORNTON.

95

cheapened by some old crone from Outreau, &
for her grandchild.

& But such profanation is not to be thought
of—you will reclaim muff, tippet, go-cart,
and curious chair, and everything else. You
will also, make a formal complaint; you
will write to Her Britannic Majesty's Consul,
and apply to the President of the Tribunal
for protection, you will demand the inter-
cession of Lord Normanby, and the Presi-
dent of the Republic shall hear of it; you
will have it sifted on public grounds; you
will expose and punish those iniquitous
Huissiers; you will have justice done you,
that you will. You will bring an action
against them for false imprisonment, if it
cost you the last five-franc piece, you will—
zounds, Fitz! there is no knowing what you
will do when to-morrow's post arrives, and
brings you an order on Adams for that five
thousand francs.

With this soothing reflection you retire

to rest, somewhat consoled for the disgrace that has been so undeservedly brought on you, one of the most harmless, steady, well-intentioned individuals in all Boulogne. You ought to sleep sound under the pleasing contemplation of five thousand francs in hand by to-morrow's post; yet a more restless night you never passed. Is it the intensity of your indignation against that fellow Halley that keeps you tossing and tumbling about, or can it be any misgivings about the five thousand francs? Has the thought occurred to you, Fitz, should that last resource fail, what you are to do? No, that would be too dreadful to suppose possible, so what is the use of thinking about it, better far to turn round once more, and in the certain conviction that to-morrow's post must witness the rescue of Isabel's muff and tippet and Georgy's go-cart from the fangs of the Huissiers, fall fast asleep as quickly as you can.

Going to sleep—what an odd sort of thing is that going to sleep! one turns and twists and tosses about, seeking rest for the weary body in vain, because the wakeful mind refuses to be at peace. Determined to banish thought, one sets about counting a thousand backwards; some endeavour to confine their imaginations to the least interesting subjects possible; others, more desperate, like poor Fitz, before they lay their heads on their pillows, take an opiate for their lullaby, and so fall into the arms of Morpheus amidst a confusion of images and associations would puzzle a conjurer to make sense of.

Twelve, one, two, and three, had been tolled by the clocks of the *Haute Ville*.

Fitz thought he never heard sounds so dismal—the night would never pass. Oh, but for sleep to bring a short respite from reflection! so, he arose, and taking a phial from his portmanteau, dropped a full dose

*if only
of Laudanum*

into some water, and having drank it, returned to his bed. What was the use of thinking? and, so, he began calling to mind the last parting scene with his wife and children; then arose Isabel's note and the Huissiers at work with her sable muff and tippet, his last present to her on the anniversary of their wedding day; and then Georgy's laughing, happy, great blue eyes seemed to stare at him and reproach him for being so sad; and then he thought of Halley's face and his silver-mounted cane—he should like just such a one for Georgy to ride on round the drawing-room; but Malacca canes were costly, and he had given Isabel his last bank note; no matter, the next post would bring him, thank Heaven! an order on Adams; then, Isabel should have that amber shawl she set her heart on at Lemer cier's, and Emily the new violet satin bonnet lined with white, and he would kick the Huissiers out of the house if they

dared to lay a finger on Georgy's Jack the Giant Killer. His agents had never failed him—there would be so much for the Huis-siers; then he would snap his fingers at them all, take a chateau at *Pont de Brique*, buy that cob of Gregory, and the four-wheeled Albert with red wheels; and Emily should have lessons on the harp; and he would take a pew in Goodasgold's chapel, and would present him with a new altar-cloth—and—and—overpowered with the turmoil of so many contending emotions, and yielding to the effects of the opiate he had taken, poor Fitz at last sunk into deep sleep.

How happy were his dreams! Oh, it is a gracious dispensation, that the mind, overburdened with care and anxiety, can find in even sleep a short respite from reflection: and Fitz's dreams were happy: he dreamt that the post had brought him his order for the five thousand francs on Adams, and had

that he

lugged over to his apartments several canvass bags, filled with bright five-franc pieces. He had paid the Huissiers and dismissed them and their myrmidons—Isabel's wardrobe and his children's were restored to them—not a thing was deficient; birds were singing all over the house, flowers lined the hall and staircase, while Isabel was laughing and weeping for joy, as Georgy, climbing up into her lap, tried to make her understand that papa had come home and sent those ugly men away.

There lay the canvass bags full as they could hold—a store would never fail them.

Hark! he thought he heard the hall-door bell ring, could it be the post? no, it was the *Haute Ville* clock striking four. The scene changed—he had taken a family pew lined with maroon velvet, and hassocks of the same, bound with gold cord—what would people say now?—he was in the midst of the congregation, all eyes were on

*bursting forth
with*

him and Isabel in her new amber shawl—
there was Goodasgold, and the altar cloth
of purple velvet, with a deep gold fringe,
and I. H. S. in golden characters a foot
long, and every one would know it was the
gift of Mr. Augustus Fitzhonourable—that
would redeem his character. The solemn
peals of the organ suddenly ~~rising in~~ richest
harmony, caused the sleeper to start; then,
as he turned restlessly on his other side,
again the scene changed, and he was on all
fours in the nursery at home, riding Georgy
on his back; and Georgy had tied a bridle
round his neck, and, by the aid of Halley's
silver-headed cane, was urging his fond papa
into a gallop; then they were going to-
gether in Georgy's go-cart, at railway pace, all
over the house, up stairs, down stairs, over
the bannisters, from room to room, flying
about like madcaps. Hark! what was
that? a knock—again—some one approach-
ed—some one spoke—it was his own name

—“Yes, yes, my name is Fitzhonour-
 able, Augustus Fitzhonourable! What,
 where am I? Ah! I thought—Heavens,
 a letter!”

Yes, Fitz, a letter: the Concierge has
 knocked, and entered your room with a let-
 ter, just arrived for you. You were asleep,
 and, with a touch of consideration for which
 gaolers are not universally noted, tarried a
 moment till you might find it agreeable to
 awake and take the precious packet.

Never did you open your purse to pay
 the postage of any letter with such alacrity
 —you recognise the well-known superscrip-
 tion of your agents—good fellows who
 never failed you! Now Isabel’s muff and
 tippet are safe, you will triumph over the
 villains. You break the seal and read—
 while, as an old and privileged friend, I take
 the liberty of looking over your shoulder—
 what does it say?—

2 — “Pigeon Court, Old Jewry, July 7, 18—

DEAR SIR—We feel more regret than we can express, to find, by your favour of this day, that you are in so much trouble ; the more so, as, from recent heavy drains, in consequence of the failure of our agents at Demerara, our funds for the moment are so crippled, that it is really out of our present power to advance the sum you require, which, otherwise, we need hardly assure you it would have given us very great gratification to have done. We confidently hope, however, from the high respectability of your connections, that you will find no difficulty in procuring the necessary supply. Should you be unsuccessful, which we cannot for an instant anticipate, and the winding up of our agent's affairs at Demerara terminate more satisfactorily than we expect, you may depend on hearing from us again, at latest in the course probably of the month after next. In the meanwhile, with

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best wishes for your speedy deliverance from the hands of the Philistines, and with compliments to Mrs. Fitzhonourable, who, with the rest of your amiable family, we trust is quite well, we have the honour to remain,

DEAR SIR,

Your most obedient humble servants,

POOKE, HOOKEM, & FLASH.

A. Fitzhonourable, Esq., &c."

Fitz, you are stunned, as well you may be ! Those last resources are terrible things : but it is worse than useless sitting there on the bedside like a statue / any longer, holding the open letter in your hand / as if you were paralyzed. Be a man—arouse yourself : your poor wife, who is bearing misfortune with the courage of a heroine, will be with you in a few minutes ; surely you will not shew yourself inferior to her / in the energy and resolution you are now both of you called on to exert / for the sake of your help-

less children? Ah, you heave a deep sigh, and the tears are rolling down your cheeks;

let them flow, your heart will be the lighter!

So Pooke & Co. have failed you? I expected no less: well, despair wont make matters

better. cast about you, consider well your position, look things fairly in the face, and think if there's not some loving relation, some

forgiving friends, not used up, that will help you at a pinch? You shake your head

—think again! Is there not Uncle Joshua, than whom a kinder or more considerate uncle never existed? He is one of your trus-

tees, and Georgy's godfather; you have never applied to him in vain; he doats on your wife, and is never so happy as when he is making some of you presents; but he was dreadfully angry, you say, the last time you were in a scrape, and declared you should never have a shilling more of him, to save you from a prison; still, you have received so many proofs of his leniency and forgive-

ness, that-you cannot believe he would desert you now.

But your wife has come—you have shewn her your agent's letter, and mingled your tears with her's. You remind her, as a last resource of Uncle Joshua's love ; what does she say ? She heaves a deep sigh, but she approves of your suggestion, to throw yourself on his compassion. You sit down together, and draw up an appeal would melt a heart of iron—this must be successful.

Hope once more glows in your bosoms, and you await, full of confidence, the return of post, which you know, from the usual punctuality, will be sure to bring you Uncle Joshua's reply. I thought as much ; we ride the willing horse till he breaks down under us, or will go no further. Well, what says he ? nay, Fitz, you cannot blame him, —let me see.

2 — “ *Eaton Place, July 10, 18—*

MY DEAR ISABEL.—Your letter by this day's post has greatly hurt, but not surprised me. For yourself and the children, I need not say how much I feel, but for my nephew Augustus there is no excuse. Were this only the second or even the third time that he has brought trouble and disgrace on himself and family by his follies, I might be induced to overlook it in the hope that experience would teach him wisdom; but warnings seem of no avail to check in the least his extravagant propensities, and which it is impossible that his friends, however anxious they may feel on your account and that of his children, can any longer keep pace with. I speak more in sorrow than anger. If Augustus can always find ready supplies from the purses of others to rescue him from the consequences of his imprudence, he will never be otherwise than a beggar; it is well that he should smart

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1

Adm. 1000

for his improvidence, and, if he remain where his extravagances alone have placed him till the receipt of his next remittances, and owe his liberation therefrom to the payment of his debts out of his own pocket, he will learn a salutary lesson which nothing else could teach him. If, after that, his future conduct deserve it, he shall never ask in vain for any assistance I can give him ; but my fixed resolution is not to advance one shilling more towards the settlement of any debts he has contracted, of which determination he was made fully aware on the occasion of the last arrangement with his creditors elsewhere. In October he will have ample means of his own wherewith to obtain his freedom, and enough left, with prudence, to provide against a repetition of these disgraceful events. Nor can I consent to supply the means, as he desires, to redeem the articles of dress, &c. under seizure by the law, the majority of which

or may contract,

are unnecessary, and probably, not paid for ; if so, you have no right to them—it is better they should be returned or forfeited to the just claims of the creditors.

“ But I would not that you should want for those necessities which are indispensable for yourself and children ; with the inclosed bank-bill, you will be enabled with economy to do very well till October, when your remittances will be received, and your husband, I hope and trust, will then know their value as he has never known before ; and the day will come, I feel assured, when you will both acknowledge that, in pursuing the course I am now doing—one of duty rather than inclination—I consulted not my own, but the interests, the real interests and future welfare and happiness of those who are in truth dearer to me than all else besides.

“ Give my affectionate love to them all ; kiss my little godson for me, whose birth-

day next month I shall not forget ; and remembering, my dear Isabel, that I am always accessible to you by letter or personally, the same as ever, believe me, with heartfelt sympathy for your present sad position, to remain,

y ————— ~~X~~our's affectionately,

JOSHUA FITZHONOURABLE.

Mrs. A. Fitzhonourable, &c."

Rave as you may, Fitz, at this letter—call it stiff and stern and unfeeling, or cold, or cruel, or anything else that disappointment may dictate, still, your better sense must acknowledge, when you are in a frame of mind to reason calmly, that nothing could be more just or better calculated to make a sensible man of you in the long run. Uncle Joshua is right—if you can always supply your deficiencies from the pockets of others, you will never be otherwise than a beggar all your life ; so, he only desires you should

learn the true value of money by paying your debts out of your own purse ; nothing can be more reasonable. If all uncles, or friends in need, as they are called, who are not always the friends indeed, as is supposed, were to act up to this rule, fast gentlemen like us, my dear Fitz, would see the necessity of pulling up in time, and taking a view of our whereabouts, before we galloped head foremost to destruction. Come, come, it is mere weakness to despond ; you have made your own bed, and have no one to blame but yourself if it's not to your liking ; there is no help for it now, so, put the best face on it, and make up your mind, like a man, to bear patiently the penalty of your own fooleries. You would have those trinkets and sables and satins for Isabel, and, although Emily had two of the prettiest Paris bonnets that eyes ever saw, and that handsome rich silk mantle with the Brussels lace, and at least half-a-dozen shawls, you

that must have that dove-coloured terry velvet, trimmed with rose-coloured satin ribbon, and a new capuchin ~~for her~~ of grey cloth, *2* trimmed with black velvet, because Lady Matilda Rivers' two daughters had them; and must needs send her home that new ball dress with the silver sprigs all over it, looped up with blush roses, when everybody of any taste said she never looked so beautiful as in the plain tarlatane with the geranium bouquet. Well, well, it's too late to wish all the ball dresses at Hanover now—that is always the way: it's all very pretty, *2* dancing and capering till the piper has to be paid, then one begins to find that it comes expensive, and to wish all the fiddlers and dressmakers at Jerusalem.

7/ But suppose you have to pass a few months in seclusion, if you make a right use of your time, it may be the most valuable era of your life; you will commence the noble work of reformation—you will turn

over that new leaf, which shall disclose the fairest pages of your future history—you will take that new lease, which shall insure you a peaceful, prosperous tenancy for the remainder of your days; so cheer up, and thank Heaven it is no worse. By the bounty of Uncle Joshua, you have more than enough for all your present wants; but you say that “Isabel is stripped of every thing, and your children have barely a change of raiment left them.” No very agreeable condition to be in, I must admit; but it is surprising with how much less we can all do, without injury to health, than we think for in affluence and luxury. Zounds! let them take the trumpery; what are most of them but the devil’s decoys, with which he allures simpletons to destruction. Then are they yours, Fitz.? Have you paid for them? And if you had, think you the Huissiers would not have them under lock and key again to-morrow, if you were soft

your's

like ourselves

enough to redeem them from captivity to-day? Nothing would please them better—it is just what they hope you will do; for at that game, you would soon find yourself not only cleared out of the trumpery, but of every centime of Uncle Joshua's bank post-bill. No, no, you are getting too keen even for Joson Halley himself; your eyes, I am glad to see, are opening wonderfully. You are determined, you say, to defeat him yet, “although your wife and Emily have to go to church in close straw bonnets, and shawls of shepherd's plaid, and Georgy's dashing black beaver hat and feathers have to make way for a plain Swiss chapeau of brown felt.” Bravo! that is like a man. If Uncle Joshua could hear that, he might have hopes of you yet, Fitz. Go on in that tack, and you will soon steer your shattered bark into safe harbour.

Bravo, bravo! you have weathered the storm, and are now sailing, with colours fly-

ing, before the wind. October has at last arrived, and kind, thoughtful, Uncle Joshua has taken care that your remittances shall not be an hour behind-hand. You have paid your creditors, ~~re~~received the compliments of your Avocat for your fortitude and honourable conduct throughout your troubles, and are now on your way, with wife and children, to your native land, to claim the promised reward of your reformation. Farewell, my dear Fitz, may good luck and all happiness attend you! but, oh! be not above listening to a parting word of counsel from an old friend, who knows the fallibility of even the very best resolutions, and how prone we all are, when fortune smiles, to forget the lessons taught us in adversity. You have vowed never again to be tempted by a fancy tie—'tis well; make a resolution likewise, that if ever Georgy, who is the image of his father, grow to be a man, you will follow Uncle Joshua's excel-

lent example, and if he will go "on tick" after the second warning, that he shall pay his own debts, or go to prison till he can; but, if ever you see a leaning partiality for bright blue satin neckcloths, and primrose-coloured kid gloves, after the third warning, you will disinherit him outright. Above all, and before all, stick to the determination—the best you ever made—to buy nothing unless you can pay for it at the time, and then only what you really want; trinkets, and all such trumpery, will soon cease to have any value in your estimation—you will walk the streets erect, your tradesmen will be, in truth, your humble servants, instead of your being their obsequious slave, and you may sit down to your breakfast, without the remotest fear of another morning call from Monsieur Halley, or any other worthies of the fraternity; in a word, you will be what your friend Tom Thornton heartily wishes he was too at this moment, on the sunny

side of the hedge, and a precious fool ~~you~~ *you'll*
~~will~~ be, after the taste you have had of the
 horrors, if you don't keep there.

March 19.—Having seen poor Fitz safe
 out of the hands of the Philistines, I must
 own I begin to feel rather nervous on my
 own account. No answer yet from Aunt
 Lucy, and little hope from Mowbray.
 Blanche looked very pale and downcast this
 morning, though she strove hard to disguise
 the anxiety preying at her heart. If Aunt
 Lucy's letter don't come soon, Heaven help
 us! *H* *i/* ~~had~~ I but myself to think for, 'twould
 be nothing. */* Like poor Barnard, I must
 make this chamber my home, and */* though
 my term of condemnation were for ten long
 years, patience and resignation would con-
 quer all at last; but my heart sinks when I
 look at my poor wife, and think how she
 may ~~soon~~ want the bare necessities of life,
 and I unable to support or protect her: I
 never saw her look so unhappy as to-day;

do ought to

— soon to be a mother.

, the sins and sorrows,

she has more weighing on her mind than she chooses to acknowledge. ~~Oh~~ debt, debt, fatal, accursed debt! did the fools, who for thee sacrifice their noblest rights and privileges, foresee the miseries, the degradations that never fail to follow in thy train, and which, sooner or later, leave nothing of the promised cup of pleasure but

disgrace and the bitter dregs of shame ~~and sorrow~~, how they would shudder ere they became the voluntary slaves of a tyrant, whose requisitions are insatiable, and whose service is perpetual bondage. Fools, despicable fools are they, who, to be ~~dressed up in~~ finery ~~and~~ *lujouterie* to strut about in hired plumes and monkey's garb, are content to dance attendance on a brutal master, and be dragged through muck and mire by a wretch, who, when they can cut and caper no longer, will repay their services with contempt and scorn. Happy are they who, before it is too late, are brought, like Fitz-

*Tricked out in flimsies and
at the hideous prospect, and pause*

Q honorable, to a sense of their danger, and, Q
in good earnest, turn over the new leaf, and Q
take the fresh lease.

We cannot always be fools; there is a time with most of us when, however, inconsiderate we may have been, the vanities of this life lose their power over us, and we begin the work of reformation; then we take a retrospective view of former days, of follies committed and opportunities, as I have said elsewhere, for ever lost; then commence we to weigh matters nicely in the balance, and to set about the ~~right~~ value on them, may be a little under it; placing in array before our mind's eye the indiscretions and short comings of our past life, and cutting down to the measure of our real wants those many fancied tastes and fond indulgences, that marred our health and fortune, led us a life of constant turmoils and vexations, steeping our better senses in a dream, from the stupifying effects of which

*more
honest*

talents unimproved,

we begin to arouse ourselves as the first grey hairs make their appearance, and warn us that it is high time we came to our senses. Then, if we are not blind indeed, we turn over the new leaf, and desire to enter on the new lease; then it is we prescribe to ourselves certain well-digested rules for our future regulation—the drunkard stints himself to his single pint, the epicure finds most nourishment in mutton and moderation; the debauchee and night-waster seek ~~their~~ *their beds* ~~beds~~ and leave ~~them~~ at seasonable hours; the valetudinarian acquires from fresh air and healthful exercise new nerve and vigour, which the skill of his physician has hitherto in vain endeavoured to impart, and the profane and free thinking reflect, as the grave draws nearer and nearer, that all their liberality of opinion, their scepticism, their infidelity, cannot save them from its jaws. New thoughts, better purposes, brighter hopes, take possession of their minds—re-

ligion refuses not its quickening aid and consolation to the most hardened or unworthy, and they become, in the hour of shame and contrition, conformed to its doctrines and practice. Oh, had some kind judicious friend made all this as evident to my perverted judgment years back as it is now stamped in indelible certainty on my heart, how many sorrows would have been spared me! Not that I wanted for precepts and good counsel enough; my dear aunt was a model of all that was just and sensible and pious; but she mistook effects for causes, and overdid it.

It is not every one that takes an erring young man to task, far less those who, from ties of close relationship, consider themselves privileged and best qualified to direct his path and censure his backslidings, that are always his best advisers. All the little petty weaknesses or indiscretions of which they may be cognisant from childhood up-

ward are tenaciously remembered, all the trivial follies of which his youth may have given examples are weighed against him with scrupulous exactness, while the grand points, the main questions of character and disposition, are either overlooked or misunderstood.

To my blindness, as to the things that appertained most assuredly to my peace, may I attribute without doubt, most of the troubles that have dogged my path, but experience only could make this evident—nothing short of personal sacrifices and sufferings could teach the lesson which alone would be profitable unto wisdom. We have made a great advance towards improvement when we have seen our errors, and really and sincerely set about the work of self-correction, nor need we have any fear that there will be wanting, with sincerity and determination of purpose, the all-efficacious aid to speed our progress and sustain us to the

goal, our faith continuing steadfast, and our zeal unfailing. This I have seen and am assured of through personal observation and suffering, that those things which have the effect of weaning us from the allurements of this world, and fixing our affections on higher hopes and aspirations, are blessings vouchsafed, and should be gratefully acknowledged as such, and not repined against as hardships and misfortunes. The fruition of our ~~most~~ darling hopes and wishes is the most dangerous enemy we have to beware of—a self-sought, insidious foe, attacking us when we are no longer capable of resistance or retreat; and the hand that is stretched forth, in mercy, to check our headstrong career, and to save us from the pitfalls we have dug for our own destruction, is the true friend in need.

I shall incur, no doubt, a burst of surprise, if not of ridicule, from some of those who knew me in times gone by, when I was,

certainly, as little qualified for a lecturer, as my old crony and college chum, Fred Jewel, was for the professorship of political economy. "What, Tom Thornton turned preacher!" I think I hear them exclaim; "what next?" My dear fellows, I do not wonder at your surprise—it is natural enough; when last we knew each other, Tom Thornton was, undoubtedly, as ill fitted for a moralist as a man could well be; but trials and troubles and the world's neglect work marvellous changes in us all, and, as a better opportunity may never occur than the present for offering you, in all good feeling, a taste of the fruits of his experience—not the less wholesome, he believes, because a little bitter—he has not hesitated to give you a friendly word or two of counsel and admonition as occasion offered—however you may be disposed to laugh at him—and thus prove, in the best way he could, his deep interest in your happiness and welfare.

To my old crony Jewel, in particular, for whom, from old association, I feel ^a peculiar concern, I would earnestly recommend a revision of his free-thinking principles, which I know very well, however he may seem to glory in them, never did and never will do him a service. I remember well how they used to suppress any occasional spirit-stirrings in my own breast; how they stifled those casual twinges, which, do what we may, will make themselves felt. If the sound of the afternoon church bells (morn-^{occasional}ing service was out of the question) ever awakened an impulse in the right direction, "Bother those bells!" used you to exclaim, Jewel; "a quarter to three now, and we promised to call for Morley, he is never ready you know, we shall only be just in time for the gardens—don't look so blue—we can go next Sunday." At all events we were never too late for the gardens, that is certain, Jewel.

"What an admirable sermon the Archdeacon gave us this afternoon, Mr. Thornton!" used our family physician Dr. Clark sometimes to say to me, as I sat opposite him at Aunt Lucy's Brook Street dinners; "it is impossible to attend the venerable Archdeacon's discourses without profit."

I could but reply, although I felt my cheeks tingle with shame, that "I wished, and indeed, intended to have been there, but, but——"

implied "You are a great loser, whenever you are absent," merely added the doctor; but there was something in the expression of his eyebrow, and the tone of his voice when he said this, that ~~bespoke~~ *implied* more than I quite liked, and I consequently fought as shy as I could of the subject of the Archdeacon's sermons. With my aunt the doctor was an oracle, and often when I fought hard for an excuse on one pretext or another for my absence from chapel, she would say to me,

“Tom, there can be no excuse for me or you, if one of the first physicians of London, whose professional duties admit of little relaxation even on the Sabbath, can find time, which he always does, to attend, if not the morning, invariably the afternoon service.”

This was a settler, notwithstanding, you still would persist, Jewel, that it was utterly impossible to get through Sunday in London without an interesting book or Kensington gardens. To one and all of you, my old associates and jovial companions, to whom the subject may appertain, I offer in the sincerest possible spirit this piece of advice—enjoy yourselves as you may, exhaust every means of amusement and rational gratification that you will for six days in the week, but have respect for the Sabbath. Do not let any one or anything but illness keep you in bed or lounging on your sofa, sipping chocolate and reading novels, when the morning chimes are calling you to

Archdeacons

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a duty which never fails to bring with its performance the delightful reward of self-approval: nor think that sufficient—go and hear those admirable discourses of our venerable Archdeacons or any other equally edifying and excellent, although they may somewhat shorten your lounge in Kensington gardens, and believe me, you will be amply repaid for any sacrifice of present gratification by the conviction, that in the pursuit of pleasure, the indispensable injunctions of duty have not been neglected.

Above all, do not, for mere sport or pastime, scoff at or hear ridiculed those precious doctrines, those irrefragable truths, in comparison with which all worldly wisdom, all temporal security are but vanity and vain glory. It is the due knowledge and appreciation of the value of those blessed truths, and the steady determination to walk by the light that they unfold, that will be the rudder and ballast to your barks, and alone

inestimable

Those blessed precepts,

all present self congratulations,

enable you to steer clear of the rocks on which so many around you are fast hastening to destruction. Alas! had your old friend Tom Thornton so reasoned, and so been guided and governed, he would, in all human probability, have been at this moment the rightful lord and master of his ancestral halls, instead of the tenant of a wretched chamber in a debtor's gaol. Heaven help him! and grant that none of you may ever share his fate.

March 20.—How strange and incomprehensible are dreams. Now, without going the length of some folks, like De Foe, I am never indifferent to the “secret hints and pressings of the mind,” as he calls them, which occur to us both sleeping and awake, and which, for aught we call tell, may be the warning of an ever-watchful Providence, to guard us against impending evil, and to assure us of its protection.

“I cannot but advise,” says De Foe, “all

— considering persons, whose lives are attended with extraordinary incidents, not to slight such secret intimations of Providence, let them come from what invisible intelligence they may, that I shall not discuss, and perhaps, cannot account for; but, certainly, they are a proof of the converse of spirits, and the secret communication between those embodied and those unembodied, and such a proof as can never be withstood."

Q Calling to mind these sentiments of so intelligent and acute an observer of human affairs as De Foe, I have been puzzling my mind how best to interpret a dream I had last night, of much promise. I dreamt that the post had brought me a letter from Aunt Lucy, overflowing with tenderness and forgiveness, and inclosing an order on Adams, printed, I thought, in gold letters on white satin, addressed to Marteau, for a thousand francs, wherewith to purchase a gold-headed

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Malacca cane like Halley's, as an earnest of her gratitude for his services and kindness to her beloved nephew. Scarcely had I received this joyful intelligence, when Blanche came running in breathless with haste, and throwing herself into my arms, presented me with a purse, *and* wove with her own beautiful hair, *and* full of gold and silver.

W ~~Oh~~ what blissful visions were these! I was in ecstasies of happiness—my prison doors were thrown open, the Governor and Concierge stood cap in hand to bid me farewell, I was so light hearted, I seemed to tread on air; I stepped back but a moment to salute Mademoiselle for the last time, when in her place rose up a tall, dark, terrible looking man with the features of Plumley, who, rushing on me, tried to drag Blanche from my arms; we fought and tore, and tugged like tigers, but his strength was superhuman; still we struggled, when with one last desperate effort, I rescued

Blanche from his grasp, and springing back to avoid a furious blow which he aimed at me, I fell over old Moustch who was in the way, and awoke. &

It was but a dream—my golden prizes were flown but the best treasure of all was left me, without which, had I possessed all the world besides, I should have been poor indeed. Yet though I knew it was but a dream, I could hardly persuade myself even then that it was all delusion.

I was still full of it when Blanche entered the room this morning. There was something in her manner that struck me as peculiar; her eyes sparkled, her colour was heightened it was evident she was under the influence of recent excitement: what was my surprise and emotion, when, after imprinting on my cheek a warmer kiss, if possible, than usual, she placed a hundred francs in my hand, saying, while tears glis-

—such a hold had it taken on my mind — so distinct were the features — so vivid their recollection,

tened in her eyes—"Tom, you will never guess how I got those."

I stared, as well I might, with astonishment—"Guess?" said I; "no, that I cannot—perhaps ~~some~~ friend, knowing our trouble, has acted the good Samaritan?—*N* ~~no~~?—then," and I looked very grave as the thought crossed me, "you have been compelled to part with the ruby ring I gave you on our wedding day?"

No—the ruby ring was safe; that should be the last thing she would part with; I must guess again.

It was useless; I should never hit it if I guessed till doomsday.

"*Donc je vous dirai*," said she, "but don't be so impatient: well, then, I had just finished two little coloured drawings from nature, to add to your collection—the best, Tom, I ever did."

"They must be gems indeed, then," said I; "and where are they?"

returning from market,

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nne “ You are so impatient ; well, one was a view of the Liarn, from Outreau, with a mill, and cows grazing ; the other, a scene near *Pont de Brique*, peasants drinking at a *ca-baret*, ~~returning from market~~. *Eh bien*, said I to myself, as I gave them the finishing touch, what would Monsieur Kellin say to his pupil now ? And then it occurred to me, all of a sudden, that if Monsieur got *beaucoup d'argent* by his pencil, why should not I try too. Tom had often told me, that landscape was my forte, and that, if I persevered, Copley, Fielding, and De Wint, must look sharp after their laurels—you remember. So, you see, the moment I thought of it, my heart felt as light as a feather ; it would be so delightful to be independent of Aunt Lucy. But what would Tom say ? *N'importe* if I drew a prize, he would soon forgive me ; if a blank, he should know nothing about it. So off I set to Madame André, who lent you the sofa, you

remember, when you were so ill—and asked her, as a great favour, to put the two drawings in her window, perhaps some one might take a fancy to them. Madame was so kind, so obliging—she declared they were beautiful, and worth double what I asked for them; she would do her best for me: hoped you were well, Tom, and would soon come and see her again, and taste her chocolate. Oh, Tom, how proud my heart felt after I had left my pictures, and saw them being gazed at by the passers by. Tom, I am sure God heard my prayers that night, for I had hardly finished breakfast this morning, when a note came from Madame, to say that she had sold the drawings. I was like a mad creature, almost beside myself with delight. In less than ten minutes I was in the *Rue d'Assas*. Madame had exceeded my utmost ambition, she had sold them to an Englishman for—guess how much?"

"A quarter their value, I'll be bound," said I.

— "A hundred francs, Tom—what do you think of that? Madame has a good heart, that she has, for I saw the tears in her eyes as I tried to press on her acceptance some recompense for her trouble. No, she would receive nothing but my promise, that I would bring her as many more of my drawings as possible, and there was no doubt at all I should soon make a fortune. So, you see, you have lost your two *chef d'œuvres*, but that your Blanche is a person of very great importance indeed."

"Yes, yes; but I would never forgive her for the sacrifice she had made—it was inexcusable!" cried I, as I caught her to my bosom, and, in spite of myself, gave vent to a bursting heart in a copious flood of tears.

"Tom," said she, after a silence of some moments, during which I felt as if my heart

— it was too much —

would break, "we need not be so anxious now, you see, about Aunt Lucy's answer."

I told her of my dream, which seemed to give her great delight.

"How odd!" she exclaimed; "how very odd! Do you know, Tom, I have great faith in dreams; could anything have come truer?—there is the money I was to bring you; and, though the purse wove with my hair is wanting, it was this hand that produced the gold and silver, you see?"

Yes, I saw that, and granted that it was a startling coincidence; I had great faith too in dreams, sometimes.

"Yes, and don't you see, Tom, that if one part comes true, another may?"

I admitted the possibility with a sigh.

"Well, well, Tom, we must have patience; at all events, we shall not starve now; and, before a week, cannot there be two more *chef d'œuvres* in Madame André's window?—think of that."

I did think of it; and it was that thought that gave me, I must confess, more pain a great deal than pleasure.

“And wherefore?” exclaimed Blanche, impatiently. “Tom, Tom, you have often told me that indolence and false pride were your greatest enemies—your wife, profiting by your example, thank goodness, don’t intend that any false pride on her part shall see her husband starve, when she has the skill to provide him with a good dinner every day of the week.”

There was but one way of answering this—to press her again to my heart, and pray God to bless and prosper her.

“So far, indeed, Blanche,” said I, pointing to the five franc piece on the table, “my dream was not all delusion. But what are we to make out of the tall, dark, terrible Plumley-looking ruffian, who would have robbed me of my guardian angel in that uncivil manner? That puzzles me.”

"It don't puzzle me at all, Tom," ~~said~~ *replied* Blanche, gravely.

"I suppose," said I, "that, hearing he was to return from Paris yesterday, his horrible image was pressing on my thoughts, and got mixed up with the rest."

"If I thought you would listen to me patiently and calmly, Tom, and not fly into a foolish passion about nothing at all, and make yourself unhappy, and bring on the pain in your side, I would tell you something which had better come from my lips than any others; that is, if you agree with me that there should be no disguises nor concealments between man and wife?"

"As I have never kept a secret from you but once, Blanche," I replied, feeling the blood forsake my face, in spite of the composure I strove to assume, for there was that in her tone and manner which left an undefined impression of terror on my mind. "your question is answered. But what

~~—~~ *d* mean you? *S*peak, dearest—you surprise—
alarm me!"

d "There, that is just what I expected—
you are going to vex and agitate yourself,
Tom, even before I have said a word; nay,
I have done, unless you will promise me to
listen like a rational being, and not fidget
and fret yourself into a fever about a pack
of wretched villanies which, perhaps, I
I should have been wiser if I had not said,
at present, a word to you about."

"Well, then, I promise to be meek and
patient as a lamb," said I, "provided you
don't keep me any longer in suspense."

~~—~~ *Bon!* Well, then, I had hardly taken
off my shawl and bonnet yesterday after I *d*
left you, and sat down to finish Alice Faulk-
ner's miniature for George Fleetwood ~~which, by-the-by, I will bring for you to~~ *d*
~~see to-morrow, Tom, when Jeannette brought~~
me a note requiring an immediate answer.

It was from Plumley—I have got it in my pocket, and will read it to you.

‘Lowe’s Hotel, March 19.

MY DEAR MADAM.—If convenient and agreeable to you to favour me with an interview this afternoon, I have great hopes of being able to effect an arrangement for your husband’s immediate release, on terms which, I think, he would approve, my anxiety to confer with you respecting which brought me purposely from Paris last night, and I only regret that, till this moment, the means have not been at my command to assist you as I wished. Sympathizing most sincerely with you in your troubles, which I trust are now at an end, believe me, my dear Madam, ever at your service, to remain, very faithfully yours,

THOMAS THORNTON PLUMLEY.”

Now then, listen calmly! Overjoyed, as

you may imagine, Tom, at the idea of anything likely to effect your freedom, I replied that I should be happy to see him immediately. In less than an hour Mr. Horton Plumley made his appearance in his best flowered waistcoat, and most insinuating mood. Nothing could be more gentlemanly than his manner, or more gracious than his professions and assurances; he was quite sober too, not an oath—not a flash phrase—not a loose word escaped him; the most fastidious could have found nothing to object to, it was evident he was imposing a tremendous restraint on himself; but as this might be out of respect for me, it could not but improve him in my estimation. But to business. “The money was ready to any extent—he had unlimited confidence—would be personally responsible—the terms he would leave entirely to myself.” Here was a joyful, an unlooked-for termination to our troubles—here the true friend in need,

J It was evident how Mr. Horton Plumley had been belied. ~~Who~~ but he would have behaved in so handsome, so generous, so disinterested a manner? Can you wonder, Tom, that I felt grateful, and expressed it too? "Not a word—he wanted no thanks—he was only too happy to be enabled to serve you, as he was sure you would serve him under similar circumstances. He would see his friend immediately, who would advance the money on his guarantee, and, if convenient, would call on me again in the evening, and the affair might all be settled when I saw you this morning." Till this moment,

d I ~~have~~ never looked on Mr. Horton Plumley, as you know, Tom, without an internal shudder I could never suppress—there was always a something in his look and manner *so* so dark, ~~and~~ insidious, ~~and~~ treacherous; now *so* he seemed almost handsome in my eyes. I must have been mistaken—it was prejudice—it was impossible—a good heart

might beat under a forbidding exterior—
actions spoke for themselves, “*on connait
l’ami au besoin.*” So, the hours passed very
slowly till eight struck at last, when, punctual to a moment, came our deliverer, full dressed and in joyous spirits. The contemplation even of doing a good action, thought I, will impart a degree of grace and attraction to the most repulsive. Clearly, Mr. Horton Plumley was in the best of humours with himself; he had dined too, and if a good dinner, and a few extra glasses of generous wine, are more allowable at one time than another, it is, surely, when the heart is overflowing with noble emotions. Brilliantly shone Mr. Horton Plumley’s eyes—more amorous than ever were his glances—more seductive his smiles—more captivating his conversation—more complimentary his address—more lavish his promises and professions; in a word, Tom, more diabolically hollow and hideous was he

growing every moment; but I saw only beauty in him, blinded, I suppose, by the one all-absorbing thought, that before that time to-morrow, his was to be the hand to throw wide your prison-door, and restore you to my arms. Wretched delusion! as if aught of good could proceed from aught so evil! Oh, Tom, Tom! my temples throb, and my cheeks burn with shame and indignation, when I think how, blinded even by my love and anxiety for you, I could have borne, for an instant, the unholy fire of those lustful looks—those baneful smiles—that serpent touch—that air of fiendish triumph. I felt like the luckless prey within reach of the deadly snake, the monster knew his power—I saw his glaring, hungry eyes fixed on me—I felt my brain reel, and my knees trembling under me, I made an effort to speak, but my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth. He advanced towards me.

best,
^ most beautiful, most adorable
of women!

“Blanche, dearest Blanche!” cried he, falling on one knee, and endeavouring to seize my hand—Oh, Tom, I heard and saw no more, but, disengaging myself from his coils by a sudden and desperate spring, I reached the bell, and was summoning Jeannette to my assistance in spite of his entreaties and protestations, when who should enter the room, as if sent by Heaven, but dear Mr. Sanguine, into whose arms I sunk unconscious of all around me.”

— “And Sanguine, Sanguine,” cried I, clenching my fists in an agony of rage and hatred, “he has the strength and courage of a lion—he did not let the villain escape—he hurled him headlong from the house?”

“Patience, Tom, nor let us desire to anticipate the judgment of Heaven—it is in their fulfilment that guilt like Horton Plumley’s shall meet its fittest punishment, and the honest cause be best avenged—to

— he —”

, rest assured,

TOM THORNTON.

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be left to his idols is condemnation safe and sure enough."

"But Sanguine—what said, what did he?"

"When I came to my senses, Tom—for they say I lay in an hysteric fit for nearly an hour—Plumley was gone, and Mr. Sanguine and Jeannette were watching over me. I saw in a moment that they had no conception of the real cause of my illness,

8 had probably passed between ~~him and me~~ *us* about Mowbray's bill, and I thought it best to say nothing about it till I had consulted you; for, if I had, well I knew that Sanguine would have made a personal affair of it, and called him out or horsewhipped him, and made me the topic of every tongue; and that, you know, Tom, would, in our present position, and at the mercy of such a slanderer and hypocrite, have only brought additional trouble on us, and we have quite

H 2

exposed the miscreant as my heart inclined me,

-in his power at present as you are—

just now,

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TOM THORNTON.

enough to contend with, ~~you know~~, as it is.

8 All we could say or do, would be ineffectual against the malice and perfidy of such a villain; but his day of retribution will come, and before he is prepared for it, ~~it is not~~, —

for us to wish to expedite it, Tom, for one moment, even if we could. But let us think no more of anything so worthless. Sanguine has had a letter from Mowbray to say that his affairs are being arranged, and he thinks he shall be able to send the money for the bill in a few days; so far good, and if Aunt Lucy open her heart, and I make a few more hits, you ~~know~~, with my pencil, we shall soon set all their malice at defiance.

See

And, now, about our lodgings, Tom—we pay twenty francs a week, you know, where we are now—that is too much; Sanguine says the third floor is vacant where he lives in the *Rue de Ambois*, and that it would suit us, for the present, very well. There are two nice little rooms, and a large closet

for, you know, Tom, he is one of those thoroughly unprincipled persons whom no moral obligations restrain—~~who~~, as Sanguine says, never tell the truth,

with a window, which would do for a servant, if we wanted ~~it~~—they are not very grand, but when we have got them a little into order, and added a few comforts and covered the walls with pictures, ten francs a week will be so much easier to pay than twenty, and then, we shall be such near neighbours to dear old Sanguine, who loves you, Tom, I am sure quite as much as if you were his brother, and, until you come home, which will now be very soon, ~~mark my words~~, he will be such a protection and assistance to me ; so, you see, I have made up my mind, as our month will be up tomorrow, to take possession, and have all snug and comfortable for you by next week."

The parting bell was ringing—"Good by, and God bless you, Tom!" continued Blanche, throwing her arms round my neck—for my heart was too full to speak—"promise me that you will think no more

one

won't they?

2

even by accident.

of that horrid Plumley, but only of happier days soon coming for us all. I will send you Mowbray's letter with the dinner, and mark my words—before this day week, we shall be sitting, with good Septimus Sanguine, a happy trio as lives, ~~together~~, over our cozy cup of tea and buttered toast, none the worse for the lesson that adversity has taught us."

Lie still my heart, lie still—Oh, do not beat so fast!—*vous fendrez si vous n'etes pas plus tranquille*. Who shall ever know, but His eye which knoweth the secrets of every heart, what I have endured this day? Oh, there are moments in ~~our~~ life—and who is there that has not experienced them?—when the heart, agitated beyond control by contending emotions, feels too large for its narrow prison, and beats with overpowering intensity; and, yet, painful though it be, there is something often exquisitely delightful in this fulness of the heart. A prison's

chronicles could unfold some tales of heart-ache would draw sympathy from adamant. So, now, I will try for some sleep, for thought is daggers to the heart of the wretched, and dream, if I can, of Blanche's happier days in store for us all. Even here is a season of rest, and true it is, that—

“ There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.”

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

From the Foundation of the City to the Present Time
By JOHN STOW, Citizen of London.
The Second Edition, with Additions.
LONDON, Printed by I. B. for J. Stow, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1618.

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 PART IV.

JOURNAL

CONTINUED.

Rue d'Ambois, April 2.—Joy, joy! I am a free and happy man again. Yes, it is no delusion this time; yet, though I see by all the beloved objects around me that I am, indeed, no longer a prisoner—although there are no iron bars to my window, nor bolts to my door, and though the presence of my angel ever at my side, and my trusty and well-beloved friend Septimus Sanguine within call, assure me of freedom, I can hardly persuade myself that it is reality. *indeed*

Oh! what my sufferings were, when ^{sick} and sad at heart, I turned into my bed that

terrible night, to seek in sleep forgetfulness of my miseries, what language can pourtray~~x~~ ?

My brain was on fire, my temples throbbed, and, if the gnawing pain in my side allowed me to doze for a few minutes, so horrible were my dreams, I dared not trust myself to sleep. When morning came, I endeavoured to arouse myself, and set about my daily task, but nature could endure no more.

I was in a burning fever, my knees shook under me, and I reeled like a drunken man.

Still, I tried to shake it off, but it would not do, there was no help for it, I was obliged to return to bed, where Blanche found me in a state of delirium.

For days I lay, they tell me, unconscious of all around me ; but I remember seeing the doctor at my bed-side now and then, and the sturdy form of my fellow-prisoner, Bolter, hovering about me. But the skill and kindness of my friends at last prevailed, and I awoke to the joyful intelligence, not

had been overtaxed and

only of having been rescued from the jaws of death, but that the long-looked for letter from Aunt Lucy had arrived two days after I was taken ill ; that Marteau had received instructions from Messrs. Honey & Aloes, to effect an immediate settlement with my creditors, and that as soon as I was in a fit state to be moved, my friends were waiting to bid me welcome to my home again ; moreover, that there was a further sum placed to my credit at Adams for present necessities, which I should know all about when I was able to attend to business. Furthermore, that Mowbray was at liberty, and had placed in Sanguine's hands the money for the bill, with repeated expressions of his eternal gratitude, and a magnificent Souvenir for Blanche of a richly silver-mounted dressing-case. Here were gladdening tidings. Almost overwhelmed with delight, I would have insisted on quitting the prison without a moment's delay,

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8

but was too weak, in fact, to stand at present without help.

It is surprising how quickly our bodily ailments are influenced by the state of our minds—how completely our physical system is often under the control of moral agencies, setting all other treatment but that which ministers to their demands at nought. An enormous load, the weight of which I was not aware of till removed, had disappeared from my heart ; in less than twenty-four hours I seemed to breathe a new life—a delicious calmness took possession of my breast, which had so lately been a torrent of terror and agitation—now, everything seemed to smile on me. I could have bounded in the ecstasy of my sensations over the prison walls, the miseries of the past were as nothing compared with the joys of the present, what should I best do to prove my gratitude to Him whose sustaining aid had supported me through every trial,

thrown wide my prison doors, and opened a way of new life and happiness to me. ~~Oh!~~ I would put in force all the good resolutions formed in my adversity; although my strength might be deficient, my sincerity was unbounded. He, who judges the hearts and intentions of us all, best knew the earnestness to will and the ability to do, and to His never-failing grace would I look to incline and keep me in the right way.

As to my poor companion in misfortune, Bolter, I owe him a debt of gratitude for his many attentions to me during my illness which I shall not forget. He knows my good will, and though I turn my back on the scenes in which we have so long played in harmony together our respective parts, and have left him on the stage alone, my thoughts will often recur to the many hours we have worn away, going through our allotted tasks, and sustaining with admirable

g truthfulness to the last, our characters as great philosophers.

g The best news, nevertheless, and which I shall do my best to be the first to hail with acclamations, will be that he has made his
g farewell bow, and retired from a stage on which he has so long, for a person of his qualifications, been compelled to play a most inglorious part, and bade adieu for ever to acting the martyr, a part of all
g others, for which, if I read him right, no man living is less suited.

g Sanguine is like a creature out of his wits to see me in the old chair again, and has promised to read the great work from beginning to end, the moment I am quite myself again. He declares, that it had been
g all up with me, but for Lady Florence's porridge. I was *in articulo mortis*, when, spite of Allerton's ominous shakes of the head, he got a table spoonful or two down my throat; from that moment I rallied, and g

got well rapidly. Blanche inclines decidedly to the same opinion, which has raised her to the summit of his good graces; so, nothing can exceed, as may be imagined, our perfect mutual satisfaction and delight.

“ I do think I am out of my senses to-day,” said Blanche, “ for I cannot settle to, or set about anything as I ought.”

“ We are all mad, my dear madam, at times,” condoled Sanguine.

“ Is that the best consolation you can give me ?” laughed Blanche.

“ All peculiarities, enthusiasms, excentricities, extraordinary emotions, and excitements, are degrees of madness—symptoms of the universal malady,” insisted Sanguine.

“ Who, then, is sane among us ?” said I.

“ Not a soul !” replied Sanguine ; “ there has been but one perfect mind since the fall of man. Observe the infirmities of the soundest, the inconsistencies of the most sapient ; though perfect, apparently, at all

points, touch but the spring of some favourite passion, set in motion the wheels of some darling hobby horse, and see what simpletons the wisest of us in a moment become ! Yes, we are all mad, my dear madam, more or less, when the fit is on us ; some dangerously, some harmlessly, some amusingly, others terrifically, incurably insane."

"What a blessing," said Blanche, "that we have some lucid intervals, and are not all seized at the same moment. I suppose, as long as we don't bite, there's not much harm in shewing our teeth, or in riding our hobbies if we don't kick our neighbours. Do you see anything particularly dangerous, then, in me to-night, that you look at me so suspiciously," continued she, as she heaped spoonful after spoonful of tea into the pot, while Sanguine sat laughing and rubbing his knee by the fire, evidently enjoying her obliviousness.

"No, no, nothing very serious," said he ;

“only

“~~but~~ you forget we none of us drink green tea, and the muffins are getting cold, and poor Tom there hasn’t had a bit in his lips, to do him any good, since Lady Florence’s porridge; and if that’s not a case “*de lunatico inquirendo*,” I don’t know what is.”

April 4.—Blanche has sallied forth to market, basket in hand, to buy the materials for our *potage* to-day, having first bound me down by a promise not to move from my chair till her return. What a treasure to any man, but especially to the unfortunate and unhappy, is a sweet tempered woman as a partner for life—one less prone to see than hide his faults, who, leaving to others the operation of probing and cauterizing, is ever more ready to apply the oil and healing balm to his wounds, to whisper hope, sustain his drooping spirit, and, in the teeth of despair itself, encourage him by her example to bear with resignation whatever

load it may seem fit to God to lay upon them.

There is but one drawback to Blanche's happiness—there is always a something in this life—~~that~~ Mrs. Waddlestern, who used to pet and patronize us so much, and declare there was not such another angel on earth—let alone Boulogne—as Blanch Thornton, now cuts her dead whenever she meets her, and makes it her business to go about all day long saying all the ill-natured things she can think of, an ungrateful thing! and her *salon* covered with Blanche's work; and Rebecca, too, who used to be a parlour border, *gratis*, six days out of every seven, as long as there was anything to be got, to be tossing her head and looking so saucy.

“*N'importe*,” said Sanguine, this morning, when Blanche was full of it; “let the old tabby and her kitten hump their backs and spit fire as much as it pleases them—it is the nature of the animal.”

"Tabby?" said Blanche, rather gravely, "we don't call such people tabbies in France."

"Don't you?" said Sanguine, winking at me, "what do you call them ~~then~~?"

"*Fausses—perfides!*"

"Ah! that is because you don't cultivate the study of natural history as much as we do. Tabby is much better—there's nothing in England false and perfidious but the men, the worst ever said of the women is that they are tabbies, eh, Tom?"

"How droll!" exclaimed Blanche; "then you think we have yet to learn pussy's real nature and history?"

"It looks like it, indeed," continued Sanguine.

"I suppose it must be that things [^]having definitions identical, are called sometimes by different names," suggested I.

"The fact is," pursued Sanguine, "people generally are not sufficiently versed in

the genealogical history of cats. It is a popular error to suppose, and I can prove it, that there are none, properly so called, but those that go on all fours, and have a propensity for mice. Nay, even naturalists themselves, seemingly know very little about the matter; content with defining the particular class and order to which each species belongs, they lose sight of the varieties to be found in various localities. true, the breed has degenerated so much of late years, that no doubt it is very difficult to trace in the present race the exact lineaments and characteristics of the original stock, the animal appearing in many instances so different to anything we read of in Buffon or Goldsmith. That it is of the tiger kind, modified and diluted, everybody will admit—that it is, more or less, a selfish, stealthy, treacherous, cowardly, ungrateful animal, no one will dispute; but there may be some who are not so well aware of the

existence of a distinct and numerous race of the same *genus*, resembling in all the main points the parent stock, but differing in one important peculiarity—that of having but two legs.”

“ *Fi, donc !* Mr. Sanguine,” cried Blanche.

“ Then, as to the classification,” proceeded Sanguine, “ nothing more, you see is necessary than ~~to~~ for the sake of distinction ~~to~~ divide them into the original species—or, cats quadruped ; and distinct species—or cats biped.”

“ *Bon ! Monsieur le Naturaliste ;* and now for your specimens, if you please,” said I.

“ Look around you, you need go no further ~~to~~ we are famous for them—never without samples of the purest blood and pedigree, of all shapes and sizes ; old, middle-aged, and juvenile, snow whites, jet blacks, and fancy colours innumerable, and

two or three of the most beautiful tabbies
you ever saw in you life, they are curiosi-
ties, but like many other rarities, not to
be wantonly approached, far less handled.
There is Capécure for instance, noted for
its tortoiseshell with the opal eyes and sandy
moustache—Heaven help the poor wretch
that got within her claws. Then there's
the milk white pussy of the *porte* humping
her ~~shoulders~~ and darting defiance at all the
audacious young Toms in the neighbour-
hood; then only look at that meek, demure
looking piebald beauty of the Tintelleries,
what soft smile and satin paw she has got,
but oh, how she can bite and scratch they
say—it may be disappointment that has
soured her temper, for Miss Waddlestern
tells everybody in confidence, that flirt and
flaunt as she will, the cold-hearted Toms
wont caterwaul in the Tintelleries. But
above and before all is the famous tabby,
the gem of the collection. Isn't it a sight

& for sore eyes to see her ladyship any fine
 afternoon, sunning herself up and down the
 pier, not that there is anything so strikingly
 superior in her appearance, as handsome tab-
 bies, as far as beauty goes, may be seen any
 day of the week, but the inimitable grace
 and dignity of her demeanour, her exquisite
 self complacency, her majestic waddle, are
 what no other cat ever did or ever will
 aspire to."

"How jealous all the other tabbies must
 feel," said I.

"You may well say that; let them sneer
 though, as much as they will, let them
 affect to ridicule her majestic airs and con-
 sequential waddle, but wouldn't they be
 glad to be like her; let the young pussies
 call her all the naughty names they can
 think of—talk of her nasty temper, her
 awkward manners, or her treacherous smiles,
 my dear madame, take no notice of them
 —it is all jealousy: don't you think if they

spiteful

had half as much reason to hump their backs and spit defiance as she has, they would be just as bad? Yes, and, may be, ten times worse."

Blanche seemed mightily amused with Mr. Sanguine's lesson in natural history, but declared "she should never be able to look Mrs. Waddlestern again in the face without blushing—it was too bad, that it was."

What a contrast those Waddlesterns to our kind-hearted Madame André, who I believe was as much rejoiced as Blanche or Septimus Sanguine either, at my reappearance in public. There is always a great mystery now between her and Blanche, whenever she drops in for a chat, and winkings and whisperings which I cannot understand. All I can get out of Blanche is that "Madame is hard at work on a baby's cap, about which she desires to have her opinion, and that it's no business of mine."

Nothing can be clearer than this ; so, I have given over asking any more questions ; a plan I would earnestly recommend to all husbands who are inclined to be more inquisitive, occasionally, than they ought to be.

April 7.—"Have you heard about Plumley?" said Sanguine, this morning ; "he's in a pretty state, confined to his bed with the brain fever, and Huissiers in the house!"

"Indeed!" said I—a righteous retribution, I was going to add, but Blanche's better judgment occurred to me—"I thought he had left the town."

"He would have gone if he could, but is hung up at his lodgings, and they stopped him as he was getting on the boat, and he has been drunk, they say, ever since. He says he knows he is going to die, and he wants to see you."

"Me!" I exclaimed ; "*cui bono*?"

prium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris."

“No fear on that score; I take it, he will never do harm to any one again in this world; but as he raves now and then, and they can’t hold him by main force, I don’t mind going up with you if you like,” said Sanguine.

I looked at Blanche.—“Yes, go,” ^{assented} ~~said~~ she; “to return good for evil, is a noble privilege—to be instrumental in any degree, even in the accomplishment of a death-bed repentance is a blessed office.”

“Would we might look for such a result!” said Sanguine; “we would not grudge the cost. At all events, he may be none the worse for making a clean breast of it—*quod est in corde sobrii est in ore ebrii*, you know; so come along.”

How true, how good, how sensible, was Blanche’s reasoning when she said—“It is not for us, Tom, to anticipate, if we could,

the judgment of Heaven; it is in their fulfilment ~~that~~ guilt like Plumley's shall meet its due and fittest punishment."

How glad do I now feel that, instead of following the dictates of the furious passion which urged me with almost irresistible rage and hatred to wash out my wrongs and injuries with the blood of a fellow-creature—for the momentary gratification of a worthless revenge to plunge my soul in sin and remorse, perhaps eternal, I listened to that warning voice. What revenge that these hands could have accomplished could have been so signal, so just, so terrible, so complete, as the fearful end of Horton Plumley left to the vengeance of his idols!"

We were ascending the stairs to his apartments, when a confused noise from above, as of several persons altercation, and struggling, and contending together, followed by a piercing scream, brought us in a moment to the landing, just as Lisette the

Ephrenzy in his glaring eyes—
the froth standing on his quivering
lips—

servant, pale and terror stricken, came rushing from the *salon*.—"Stay, stay!" she cried, extending her arms to intercept our advance; "for the love of God, go not in!—he is raving mad—he will murder you!"

Pushing past her, as cries of—"Help!" came louder and louder from the chamber, Sanguine taking the lead, we rushed in, when a terrible spectacle presented itself:—

Plumley, naked all but his shirt, his long

black hair matted and disordered, his ~~livid~~ ^{bloated}

~~cadaverous~~ face rendered more hideous by a

thick grissly beard more than a week old,

and brandishing a poker over his head, stood

in the middle of the room—the prostrate

form of O'Hara at his feet, one of which

was placed on his chest—while with demoniacal triumph he seemed to gloat over the

impending slaughter of his victim.

In a moment more, O'Hara's days had

ended; when, diverted by our sudden en-

trance, the maniac sprung round, and, en-

thrown back

from his temples,—

P countering his own apparition, in the large
 console glass, which reached nearly from the
 floor to the ceiling—"Ah, fiend of hell!"
 cried he, gazing with straining blood-shot
 eyes at his own reflection, "accursed fiend
 h/ Ha, ha, ha!" and with one desperate blow,
 such as a madman's arm alone ~~can~~ deal, he
 smashed the *miroir* into a thousand atoms.

-/ "Ah, fiends, thou hast escaped me!"
 8 screamed the lunatic, looking agast, for an
 instant, at the work of his own demolition;
 and, staggering back, as the poker fell from
 his relaxing grasp, he sank at our feet—a
 corpse.

"A fearful thought," said Sanguine, as
 we walked sadly home, "that a man's last
 visions on earth should be of the devil, and
 that the mere reflection of himself in a
 looking glass should furnish the materials.
 Such sights as these, Tom, make one under-

stand and appreciate the blessedness of a peaceful end."

Q
/ *won't*
April 10.—If Allerton could get rid of this pain in my side, I should not have a care, as Aunt Lucy is evidently disposed to relent, and [^]with a little tact and conciliation, ~~will not~~ hold out, if Honey and Aloes can be enlisted on our side. Must try the morphine again. As for Blanche, she is like a mad girl, and cannot set about anything, she says, but runs across the room ten times a-day to kiss me, a goose! as if it were our honeymoon: I tell her it is extremely silly—what would Mrs. Waddlestern say?

What would I have her do, then? she

asks ~~says.~~

"Set to work," I tell her, "and finish the two drawings for Madame André; and, when done, we will go and hang them in her *salon*, to be preserved as imperishable *souvenirs* of our esteem and regard, and

handed down as precious heir-looms in the family, to the end of time. And then we will drive over to Beaulieu, to spend the day with Colville, who, they say, lives like a grand seignior in one of the prettiest rustic boxes eyes ever beheld; and, what with his garden, which he takes immense delight in—his dahlias, and polyanthuses, and double daisies, fishing rod, duck gun, and mild Havannahs, and last, but not least, his hospitality, for which he is deservedly celebrated far and wide, does the thing on a snug scale, by all accounts like a gentleman.”

Allerton says if the pain continue after the morphine, I must be cupped. Asked him again, if it wasn't disease of the heart? and reminded him that my mother died of it, but couldn't get him to the point. Acknowledged I had had a sharp touch of it. I'faith, if I am to have many more such touches, it is time I considered seriously how the account stands.

It is, doubtless, a wise and gracious dispensation, that the conviction should be forced on us sometimes, of our utter insufficiency, as of ourselves, and absolute dependence on a far higher power for the blessings of this life, than, under the most encouraging auspices, any merits of our own can entitle us to reckon on. Tenants, one and all of us, under the same High Master, and then only tenants at will, we hold our tenures alike—on the same conditions, whether occupants of palaces or prison dungeons, in respect that we are appointed to and dismissed therefrom, often without warning and at a moment's notice. Solace and beguile ourselves as we may, with the flattering hope of exemption on the score of personal superiority, we are still nothing more, even the best of us, than tenants at will; and well it is for those, who, having a just sense of the nature and intent of their titles, and on what terms they were

granted, are prepared at any time to surrender them, and give an account of their possession, and are deemed worthy to exchange them for that far more precious and enduring inheritance, which will entitle them to become tenants to all eternity. When a man is arriving at the meridian of life, if experience have taught him wisdom, he begins to look back with some sort of seriousness on his past career, and to cast an anxious thought now and then on the years yet left him; but how few are there who in their reckonings consider, that although as much as twenty years may be yet in store for them, in fact but the half of that brief space is all they can command for the work that is to be done—work that, had they fifty times the years they have, would never be complete. “Twenty years have I still before me,” is the consolatory self-congratulation of many of us to whom the thoughts of death are the most unwelcome

of all intruders ; alas ! we forget that nearly the half of this remaining term will be wasted in sleep and inaction, leaving, in fact, but ten summers for all we have to do, to repent of, and provide for: thus considered, the longest term is but a brief possession.

But, in the remnant of life, when our appointed time is all but run out, and the grave is yawning beneath our feet, and, perhaps, we can fairly reckon on but ten more winters, still there are quite as few who care to reflect that there are, in reality, but *five* in the which they can any longer be engaged in the business or pleasures of life—in repairing the errors and omissions of the past, and laying up the best crown for the hoary head. Imperative and all-important as such considerations would seem to be, yet do we see every day not only the young and thoughtless, but those of three score years and ten, boasting of their undecayed powers,

and planning schemes of glory in their dotage, looking still on the world as a child does on a toy, with which it has not done playing, their chief ambition being, seemingly, how, with the aid of the dentist and *perruquier*, to live over again the days of which, maybe, they have reason to be most ashamed—striving to cheat themselves into the belief that, however the hand of time may have mauled their neighbours, it has not laid a finger on them—without a sound tooth in their gums, and with but a handful of silver hairs on their heads, fritting their philosophy to pass muster with their grandchildren, having no thought for the night that is fast coming, wherein none can work, or that, if they employed the few remaining years vouchsafed them profitably, there would hardly be time enough to set themselves and households in order, much less to provide themselves with the necessary pass-

port for the long and perilous journey before them.

April 12.—Blanche poorly since her visit to Beaulieu—complained of fatigue coming home, which she attributes to a long stroll Colville led us over the meadows in search of some fishing-tackle at the next village; but I fancy she had a fright at dinner. We had just returned, and sat down to as *recherche* a little repast as good taste, with hospitality, ever put on a table, when a deafening clamour approached the house, shoutings, and bellowings, and screams, and laughter, mingled together into such a horrible din, that Babel let loose could have been nothing to it. Blanche turned pale, and looked anxiously at me, thinking, perhaps, that Halley, with his silver-headed cane, was coming to fetch me away again, while Colville rushed to the window to see what it was all about.

“Nothing at all,” said he; “don’t dis-

turb yourselves—only that Hamelin and his wife at the old game—fighting like turkey-cocks, and married only six months, and the rough music after them.”

But, although Blanche laughed it off, she has not been herself since.

There is something very significant and impressive in this popular mode of adjusting domestic squabbles, and a good deal of sentiment too, in this rough music, if played, as ~~it was~~ at Beaulieu, *gustoso et agitato*; Orpheus's lyre was nothing to it, for we read nowhere, that I remember, in the history of that gifted son of Apollo, that his divine performances ever caused such excitement, as has possessed the good folks of Beaulieu, by all accounts for the last six weeks; nay, I question if Monsieur Orpheus had been within ear-shot, whether he wouldn't have fled in utter shame, and pitched himself and his lyre into the Liane. If the King of hell was charmed almost to tears with his me-

lody—if Ixion's wheel stood still—Tantulus
—/ forgot his thirst, and even the Furies them-
selves relented, all this was nothing—a
mere nut-shell—a chip in porridge, to the
enthusiasm produced by the fascinating me-
lodies of the sons of Beaulieu. Ye powers
pot-pourri of harmony, what a ~~scene~~! Her village
Vulcan, fairly floored, let fall the beer-pot
from his lips, and melted into tears—the old
crones deserted their mangles—the wheeler
forsook his eternal grindstone—ostlers and
post-boys postponed their thirst, and even —/
the village devils in petticoats resumed, they
say, their sex and natures. Nothing in the
mythology was ever recorded so wonderful,
and all because a new-married couple hap-
pened to differ in opinion, and couldn't live
together as they ought, like doves.

/ For my own part, much as I disapprove of
domestic broils, and am a great advocate for
“the word spoken in due season,” still, I am
for settling all differences between man and

unfortunately,

TOM THORNTON.

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and, wife, when they do occur, with closed doors, if possible, without reference to third parties; but if, ~~from any mischance~~, circumstances rendered an arbitration indispensable, the rough music is certainly the last thing in the world I should think of advising, with a view to a permanent reconciliation. But this is only an opinion, and will be taken for what it is worth, and no more. It is no less true than curious, that there is generally most conjugal discord where there is the greatest similarity of tastes and disposition between man and wife. "Nothing," as Aunt Lucy says, "can be more erroneous than to suppose that there need be exact accordance of tastes and habits to render the union of two persons in wedlock happy. It seems to follow, therefore, that a hot-headed man is best mated to a cool-headed woman, and that a drunkard has a far better chance for reformation with a sober wife, than with one fond of the gin-bottle."

It holds good too, no doubt, that little women should choose tall, well-proportioned men, for, in the crowd, or exposed to insult or danger, what chance would they have if mated to small men; and, *per contra*, it is equally expedient for diminutive males to take unto themselves partners of goodly weight and calibre, who could fight their battles for them in case of need, and give them consequence in the world's eyes.

A multitude of instances might be quoted to prove the inconvenience of perfect mutuality of sentiments in the marriage state. In sundry little matters of daily routine, congeniality of wishes is all very well, and to be encouraged; but, on the whole, if man and wife would rub on smoothly together, they must not be always thinking alike. Mungo votes for a trip to Ramsgate or the racing; Mrs. M. thinks racing immoral, and can't endure the sea side; so the trip falls to the ground, and Mungo is the exact sum he

wanted in pocket for his quarter's rent, though he did swear awfully at Mrs. M.'s perversity. Madam has a particular *penchant* for the first brown cut of the fillet of veal, Master makes her all smiles by never failing to help her to her favourite tit bits, as it so happens that he never eats them himself. Mungo scoops out all the hearts of the cabbages, Mrs. M. abominates cabbages, so, peace is preserved. Madam delights in argument and having the last word, Mungo hates quibbling, and does anything for a quiet life; so, Madam has it all to herself—is invariably in the right, and Master breathes in freedom. Mung never reads anything—when he does read—but prose, it is all poetry with Madam, even the orders to her grocer are in blank hexameters; you could not look at Mungo and fancy he was a poet, but Mrs. M. is the personification of the sublime and beautiful—sentiment all over; so, the happy medium is preserved between

the mere vulgar common places of life and its loftier aspirations. Madam, again, indulges herself with a doze, when there's no one present but her husband, after dinner; Master solaces himself with a cigar; would matters be improved, if either Mungo snored in chorus or his amiable helpmate regaled herself with a pipe? Many other instances might be mentioned to prove the advantages of the hot and cold system judiciously regulated, in the marriage state—"when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," and, take my word for it, my dear Miss Waddlestern, that if you and your intended desire to jog on pleasantly together, it may be as well, before the knot is tied, just to inquire a little into each other's peculiar tastes and *penchants*, otherwise, if both of you love the first brown cut of the fillet of veal and the heart of the cabbage, the odds will be that before six calendar months either one of you must be starved outright,

or serious domestic disturbances ensue, if not a regular deed of separation and divorce *à mensâ et thoro*. It won't bear a moment's argument—perfect reciprocity between Mr. and Mrs. Mungo wouldn't do at any price—the blind cannot lead the blind ; [^] it behoves every spinster with but one eye to fix her choice by all means on a man who can see clearly, and, if she have the misfortune to have but one leg, on no account to marry a man with a wooden stump. —/

April 14 —“ Have you heard the news ?” cried Sanguine, coming in to-day, evidently full of something of unusual importance—“ the Town is out of its wits about it—you never heard such a hubbub in all your lives.”

“ Merciful heavens ! [^] no—what is it ?” said I ; “ ministers out, for a guinea ?” —/

“ Not a bit of it, man.”

“ Louis Napoleon taken London, then !”

"The cholera broken out?" ventured Blanche, turning dreadfully pale; "no? then we can't guess at all."

"Not if you tried for a fortnight," said Sanguine. "Well then, Mrs. Waddlestern has got a new bonnet."

"You would not lightly joke on such a subject," cried I, starting to my feet and looking aghast.

"Fact, as I hope for salvation!" ejaculated Sanguine. ?

"And the pattern—the pattern?" faltered Blanche.

"Defies description, my dear Madam."

"But the colour, the material, how trimmed?" persisted my wife.

"It seemed to my bewildered gaze," replied Sanguine, "as far as I dared trust my eyes, a satin of a bright grass green hue, red poppies and corn flowers growing *ad libitum* outside, entwined with heart's-eases and forget-me-nots; and oh! two such de-

, if I remember right,

licious bunches of ripe hot-house grapes, hanging inside from a trellis of clematis and verbenas, enough to make your mouth water to look at them."

"Oh my poor little violet velvet!" ejaculated Blanche; "its sins will now, I hope, be forgiven it."

"But the best of the joke's to come," continued Sanguine, recovering from the embarrassment into which so unusual a task for a philosopher as the portrayal of a lady's bonnet had thrown him, and drawing some papers from his breast pocket; "you know they are red hot mad here getting up subscriptions for baths and washhouses on a gigantic scale after Prince Albert's plan, as they call it; so, Madam having the reputation, deservedly no doubt, of great charity—the coals and blankets going through her hands—and building, perhaps, on the execution the new bonnet would do on our pockets as well as our hearts, the committee

inlisted her valuable services to 'do' the English, and I have had the honour of a special appeal."

"And not you only, Mr. Sanguine, indeed," interrupted Blanche, tossing her head: "we too, Mr. Sanguine, have had the honour of a circular—I suppose our five franc pieces, Mr. Sanguine, are as good as other folks."

"No doubt of it, my dear Madam, but I wouldn't give a rap for your circulars—they're as common as blackberries: what say you, now, to such a compliment as this?—

"Mrs. Waddlestern presents her compliments to Sir Septimus Sanguine"—Ye gods and little fishes! somebody has told her of the dirty acres, and she has dreamt I've got them—"and takes the liberty of sending him a prospectus of an undertaking at once so beautifully philanthropical and ennobling to our common nature, that she, Mrs.

W. cannot entertain a doubt, from a knowledge for so many years of Sir Septimus's head and heart, that it will not only meet with his approval, but be entitled to the distinguished honour of his support and patronage. The smallest donations are thankfully received. Mrs. Waddlestern avails herself, likewise, of this opportunity to request the honour of Sir Septimus's company to a small select Pope Joan and charade party, on Thursday evening next, when she shall be proud to lay before the committee of the Boulogne baths and washhouses, any suggestions Sir Septimus, for the credit of our common nature, may have the kindness to honour her with ; and, if he thinks there are any little comforts, such as some nice wholesome fresh soup, or gruel, or arrow-root, or any small articles of clothing, or anything else in her power, which would be acceptable to his poor friends, for whom my heart bleeds—the Thorntons, the Sir Sep-

timus, has only to express it, and she, Mrs. W. will be only too glad to do everything, I am sure, for any friends or acquaintances of Sir Septimus; at the same time she must say—and she is sure Sir Septimus will agree with me—what a thousand pities it is that people wont look before they leap, and cut their coats according to their cloth.

Chateau Serré, April 14th.

Rt. Hon. Sir S. Sanguine, Bart., &c.

“For coats,” screamed Blanche, clapping her hands and almost convulsed with laughter, “read velvet bonnets; but you will go to the select little *soirée* on Thursday, and say a kind word for us—there’s a good creature.”

“A basin of soup, let me tell you, though,” reminded I, “isn’t to be sneezed at, as times go; the smallest donations, you know, are thankfully received. But what do you mean to do about the washhouses?”

“ Listen,” replied Sanguine, opening a note in his hand / “ it isn’t, altogether, that plain Septimus Sanguine wouldn’t figure so prettily on the committee as the Rt. Hon. Sir Septimus, &c. &c., nor that my pride kicks exactly against a less sum opposite my honoured name on the Waddlestern list than a franc and a-half, though the reflection is not the most ‘ennobling to our common nature’ but the fact is, *entre nous*, I don’t like my company / egad, sirs, I’ve smarted for it before now / Besides, I’ve my own opinion about these washhouse affairs, which I’ll read you / if you’re in the humour for it, and you’ll grant I couldn’t have backed out neater :—

“ Mr. Septimus Sanguine presents his compliments to Mrs. Waddlestern, and fully appreciates the charitable and humane motives which have induced her to take so active and benevolent a part / in an under-

8 8
taking promising so many evident advantages to the great unwashed of this town—an undertaking, as she touchingly expresses it, ‘so philanthropical, so ennobling to our common nature.’ But Mr. Septimus Sanguine being of opinion that it is equally necessary, with a view to the effectual amelioration of the class in question, to fill the hungry belly, as well as cleanse the filthy epidermis; and bearing in mind the well-authenticated fact, that children, washed all over on Saturday nights, invariably consume the largest breakfasts on Sunday mornings—a dogma based on principles incontrovertible—would respectfully suggest the expediency of attaching a substantial kitchen to all establishments of baths and washhouses for the poor, wherein the necessities of the inner may be simultaneously provided for with those of the outward man; and that, henceforth, there may be no more excuse for a lean carcass, than for a

foul skin. The moment Mr. Septimus Sanguine sees a disposition on the part of the authorities to regard this important desideratum, as he conceives it, in its right light, they may depend on his best support and patronage, and a lumping subscription towards the hot rolls and coffee.

“ Mr. Septimus Sanguine takes this opportunity to express how much he regrets his inability to avail himself of Mrs. Waddlestern’s most tempting and obliging invitation for Thursday next, rendered doubly gratifying by the very flattering expressions of her admiration of his head and heart, but fears lest a closer intimacy might, possibly, dispel the pleasing illusion, and incline her to qualify an opinion, on her unchangeable adherence to which his happiness so materially depends.

“ Mr. Septimus Sanguine, for the same reason, bitterly regrets also, that he is withheld from returning Mrs. Waddlestern *carte*

8 *blanche*, as his heart would incline him, to the festivities at Sanguine Hall, to come off, D. V., as soon as his good stars will permit; more especially as his intimate and esteemed friends, the Thorntons, have promised to be present at the house-warming; and it would have given him great gratification to have met all his old and well-tried friends to bid him welcome to his ancestral halls, and assist to inaugurate the happy event by a *fête*, unprecedented in the annals of all Nottinghamshire.

8 “Touching Mrs. Waddlestern’s most kind and considerate offer of the soup and gruel, &c. &c., Mr. and Mrs. Thornton have no words to express their gratitude, and will not fail to send their pitcher, the first time Mrs. Waddlestern has any mock-turtle or mulligatawny to spare. For the small articles of clothing, Mr. Thornton will not encroach at present on her generosity, being decently supplied for the nonce; and Mrs.

8

Thornton thinks she can make her last violet velvet do very well 'till next month, when the summer fashions will be out.

2 / *Rue d'Ambois, April 14th.*

"Fie, fie!" exclaimed Blanche, "and you know I have got that favourite pale blue silk of your's with the white roses, and the close cottage with the primrose ribbon that Tom likes so much."

"Yes, yes, that's it," cried Sanguine.

"A close poke cottage and an ugly, eh?
That is your sort for sinners such as ye,
Beneath which ye may blush, by Jove! unseen,
And save your noses, too, from getting freckled."

"People must dress," said I, hoping to draw our humorous friend out, and divert Blanche, who, in spite of her apparent gaiety, looked pale and anxious; "they will dress though they starve for it." 2

2 "I have often thought," observed Sanguine, "what a curious spectacle a literally diaphanous person would present; as it is,

nobody knows anything of the stomach's poverty, whereas all eyes are on one's hat and coat. Do you suppose our dear friend Mrs. Waddlestern would care a pin the less for you, though you hadn't broken fast for eight and forty hours, provided you had credit with your tailor and dressmaker for a new turn out every three months? I tell you more than half the world pinch their bellies to pamper their backs, and would rather give up the ghost, my dear Madam, outright, than be seen through."

"/ — "I suppose," said Blanche, "it may be carried too far/ but it is very delightful to look geenteel, although the effort, no doubt, terribly tries the strength sometimes."

Q "Fiddle de de/ for your poverty and persecution!" exclaimed Sanguine; "I tell you/ the rage for gentility can be as little quelled by necessity, as a school boy's love for gooseberry tarts subdued by the stoppage of his week's money—the temporary fast

only serves to whet his appetite afresh, and, if only a halfpenny's left for the pastrycook, Master Lubin knows how to make the most of it, and relishes the proceeds quite as much perhaps, as though he had unlimited privilege to stuff till he bursts. So it is with poor Snook's wardrobe; you see the more each treasured article takes unto itself wings and vanishes, the more dearly are prized of course, the remnant stock—the more fondly are the well-brushed suit and ~~fading~~ *ready* hat regarded,—they are relics of happier times—beatific remniscences flit around them, and by degrees so necessarily firm becomes their hold on Snook's heart, that he views them in the light of things too sacred almost for the light. But does poor Snooks, reduced to his only pair of inexpressibles and opera tie—the light of other days—the last resource, think small of himself as he adjusts his 'Gos,' and siezes his cane to turn out for his usual lounge? No, no!

ere / the last glance in his mirror has convinced him, if even there ~~was~~ the shadow of a doubt existing, that, in his case, little art was needed to form the beau ideal ; spite of all, there is something in Mr. Snooks decidedly genteel."

"A good joke, indeed," laughed Blanche, "your talking of us poor Snookses, and in your best Sunday suit, too, and with a new walking stick, I declare, not quite as handsome as Halley's, but not without its pretensions, if I may judge."

A large cavalcade of donkeys and whippers in came up to the street door at this moment ; presently after which in tripped Alice Faulkner and George Fleetwood, followed by a bevy of happy faces, intent on the one all absorbing attraction that had drawn them together—a donkey excursion to the *Vallée du Denacre*, and to fetch Mr. Sanguine, "without whom no donkey excursion

sion," Alice declared, laughing and brushing his hat afresh, "could be complete."

"Now you see, then," said he, "why I am full fig ~~in my Sunday suit~~ to-day; but, if Miss Alice brushes my hat at that rate much more, heaven knows what sort of a figure I shall cut this day six months."

"You will promise, then, to be my equery, and not get in a passion with Jenny," said Alice, "if I'll let you have it; and then I'll stand treat with the new milk and *tartines*."

"Yes, and be under the unpleasant necessity of ridding the world of that good looking fiery youngster there at Condette to-morrow morning—breaking one of the tenderest little hearts in all Boulogne, and getting my neck into a halter."

"The chief question for consideration, then," said I, "seems to me to be, looking at it philosophically, which is in the wrong—the rider or the donkey—Miss Alice in a

passion

furious ~~rage~~ because she can't get on faster, or Jenny determined not to stir a peg quicker than it suits her?"

"Unquestionably, Jenny is in the right," cried Sanguine, rubbing his hands with glee. "Providence having given both the power of volition, I hold that it was perfectly optional in Miss Alice bestriding the poor beast, and a piece of unpardonable presumption to endeavour to infuse any of her own rampant nature into the patient animal; besides which, it is by no means needful that the order of things should be one jot reversed—that either poor Jenny should aspire to all the mettle of Miss Alice, or that Miss should in anywise——"

"Be a greater donkey than she is," ~~roar-~~ *cried* Alice; "so come along, and we will settle that matter another time."

They were gone.

"Tom," said Blanche, "I don't know what ails me—I feel as if my heart would

break to-day ; I know not why, but there's a load here, I never felt before—Tom, Tom, I feel as if—” and ^{her} head sinking on my shoulder, she burst into a flood of tears. /

April 15.—Blanche worse to-day—Allerton with her all last night. The event, which I dreaded—why I can hardly tell—more than anything that ever was to happen to me, is at hand. I ought, and do rejoice ; but there is a load also at my heart, wherefore I fear to ask myself.

God comfort and support her in her trial ! She declares, should it be a boy, ~~its~~ ^{his} name shall be Tom—“there is no name,” she says, “she loves like Tom,” although I ventured to propose half-a-dozen others I liked better, but nothing would do but Tom. I stipulated, however, for Blanche, if a girl ; she would have insisted on Lucy, after my aunt, or Henrietta Clementina ; but I would not give in—it should be Tom, I agreed, if a boy ; but Blanche, and noth-

ing but Blanche, if a girl—so, that was settled.

Oh, how my heart rebukes me when I look on that beloved form, and think of the troubles and sorrows she has borne without a murmur for my sake, and which the smallest sacrifice of pride and self-will on my part might have spared her. How often I wish that, instead of listening to the dictates of anger and suicidal resentments, I had sought a refuge in the affections and forgiveness of that heart which was never shut against me when I needed its compassion. Yes, my dearest aunt, your's was ever a kind and generous heart ~~x~~ it is my own fault if I would not appreciate its love ~~x~~ you will see how mine overflows with gratitude by my letter of yesterday—would that I could acknowledge all ~~x~~ Perhaps, when I am a father—yes, then I know you ~~x~~ would relent. Oh! if you could ~~x~~ see my Blanche, hear the sweet music of her voice,

in the agony of a repentant spirit

and know as well as I do all her worth and gentleness and goodness, you would then rejoice to call us both your children—you would take us to your bosom and forgive us every transgression—we should be all in all in your affections, nor would a bar remain to our perfect reunion and happiness. Yes, yes, that happy day ~~will~~ come—you will not *may yet* turn a deaf ear to the cries of my babe.

April 16.—My heart sinks at every sound. Allerton still here—looks harassed and anxious. Eleven p. m. they have gone for L——; then there is danger—this suspense is dreadful. */* I may not see her. ~~Oh~~, God! *o* be Thou her help and strength.

April 30.—All is over—the tempest has passed—the last terrible blow has been struck—the vengeance of Heaven is appeased. */* and I am left a hopeless wreck, shattered, stranded, cast away on the lone, cold, desolate shore, to abide the merciless pelting of the storms. ~~Oh~~, God! forgive *o*

me, if, in the agony of a despairing spirit, I seem to murmur at Thy decrees/or question *d* the justice of Thy dispensations. When shut out a prisoner/ from all I best loved and cared for on earth, I thought Thy hand was heavy on me/ and that Thou didst sorely visit me—Thou knowest how, night after night/ in the stillness of my prison chamber, I wearied Thee with my prayers and lamentations — how/ with contrite heart and streaming eyes, I threw myself, humbled, chastened, and repentant, at Thy feet, and besought Thee to grant the desire nearest to my heart/ my restoration to liberty and the beloved being whom Thou gavest me to be my partner/ and the sharer of all my joys and sorrows. And/ thou didst hear my sup- *T* plications. Was not my heart sufficiently grateful—was I unmindful of my promises to Thee—in the plenitude of my joy did I forget Thee, that it has seemed good to Thee to bring affliction so sore, so insup-

portable, so overwhelming on me again—to plunge me into despair—to take away my last hope, my only joy, my pride, my boast, my never-failing solace and support—to sever us for ever?

O ~~Oh~~, Blanche, my poor lost Blanche! my wife, my best and only beloved, the partaker of all my joys, the patient and cheerful sharer of all my sorrows, my best counsellor and comforter, my guardian angel! art thou, indeed gone—dead—dead—torn from me for ever? Shall I never see thy sweet smiling face again? hear the gentle tones of thy voice? receive consolation and encouragement from those dear lips? Shall I never again lay my aching head on thy gentle, generous bosom—learn wisdom from thy counsels, and patience and resignation from thy example? No, thou art gone, and nought is left for me but memory and misery and desolation. When separated from thee, but for a day, I thought the

— trial hard to bear, Oh, it was reserved for me till now to know what affliction really is!

But my child—my motherless babe! art thou not left me? ~~yes!~~ And shall I say then,

that I am destitute—as one without hope or comfort—shall I, in the indulgence of a too selfish grief, ~~perhaps,~~ forget that thou

art ~~given~~ ^{spared} me, and that I am thy only parent and protector? No, no! scathed and riven

though thy father's heart is, yet, with thee, the image of thy mother, my second Blanche,

still ~~spared~~ ^{left} to me, it cannot, shall not, be wholly hopeless; and if thy angelic mother,

who in giving thee life has sacrificed her own, can from her high estate and place of

rest, look down on those she loved and suffered so much for on earth, oh, may she

plead for grace and strength to enable this wounded spirit to bear with patience and

fortitude the crushing load that is weighing it down. Though thy dispensations, ~~oh,~~

God, may seem severe, yet I know that

thy ways are ever just, and fraught with healing mercy to the spirit that rebels not against them.—Thy will be done !

May 4.—“ And would you, if you could, bring her back to this sad sinful world ?” said Sanguine, as we sat talking on the one all-absorbing theme last night by the bedside of my babe ; “ no, no, Tom, you would not be so selfish—you would shudder at the thought, if you could but witness her joy and happiness at this moment, and how her pure angelic spirit is rejoicing in the privilege of watching over and interceding for those beloved objects on earth, which are so soon to join her, let us hope and believe, in those blessed abodes where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at peace. Oh, no ! wish her not back again from those blissful realms to a world, at best, so full of sorrows and dangers as this ; but rather, that when the day comes for us to follow her, as come it will soon for us all,

feelingly,

8

—/

S too soon for many of us—~~for what is the utmost span of man's life here compared with eternity?~~—we may be found worthy to be sharers with her of that peace, that perfect joy, which is prepared for those who make not this world their resting place—its idols their God.”

*my dear
fellow,*

—/ “ Would that I had taken her advice long ago, Sanguine, and confessed every thing to my aunt! / How happy we might have all been at this moment !”

“ We know not that, Tom—best as it is, perhaps. But you will let her know all now—if not for yourself, for the sake of your child ?”

—/ “ Yes, yes; / some day she shall know what an angel she cast from her door.”

“ Nay,” reprovèd Sanguine, “ the past should now be all forgotten and forgiven. False pride, Tom, and self-will, have brought us both into this garret. Would you that that beautiful child—your own—the image

The last link that binds you to earth,

TOM THORNTON.

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of its sainted mother—your heart's best treasure, should live and die in such another?"

May 6.—The spot where my poor Blanche lies, is the sweetest in the whole cemetery; surrounded by evergreens, it is screened from the cold winds, and shaded from the scorching heat; and the shrubs and flowers we have planted around it, will be fresh and blooming, while others are withering on every side.

Josephine, my little Blanche's nurse and constant attendant, and who performs all the duties of a mother for her, and no mother could be fonder or more careful of her charge, asked me for an hour's holiday yesterday, while I kept watch in her absence. Little did I think on what an errand of sympathy and kindness she had gone, till I paid my usual visit this morning to the cemetery, when I found that some friendly hand had been at work, and formed a little

my beloved's

(additional

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TOM THORNTON.

wooden fence round ~~the~~ grave, and added some fresh flowers to it. When I mentioned my surprise to her on my return home, I saw in a moment to whom I was indebted for this ~~pleasing~~ proof of attachment.

“It was nothing,” she said; “as she passed Monsieur Duflos’s, she bought some bunches of the sweetest and longest-lived flowers she could get in root, and divided them equally between Madame’s grave and her Louis’s.”

She has won my heart by it. Poor girl! she has had her own troubles, and ~~has a heart~~ for others. I regard her, as well I may, as one committed in an especial manner by Providence to my protection, having ~~saved~~ her from a self-sought grave. Her gratitude is unbounded—her unremitting solicitude and assiduity for my child are the best proofs she could give me of it. She often declares that “she loves her as if she were her own.”

can feel

rescued

d

When my heart is very sad, and low and sinking, and seldom is it otherwise, I take my seat beside my darling's cot, and, as I gaze on her innocent cherub face, although the tears will flow, do what I will, yet a ray of hope and pride shoots through my bosom, as I think that the day may come when I can present her to Aunt Lucy, and demand that love and protection for her to which she is entitled.

"What would Aunt Lucy say," I often ask Josephine, "if she could see us all at this moment?" And then I think that I will write to her at once, acquaint her with all the circumstances of my wife's first interview with me—our marriage—the troubles we have struggled through—her death—my present forlorn circumstances, and entreat her maternal care, if not for myself, for my helpless and unoffending babe; and then I think, that, should she from caprice or pique, resent such an unfilial

*my
so long* proof of my want of confidence in her, as she would call ~~it in~~ thus ~~long~~ having kept her in ignorance of the truth, by withdrawing the support on which we now rely for our daily bread, what would become of us?

“ Would that I had some kind mutual friend,” I often say to myself, “ like my old friend Jack Hartley, to intercede for me; but he too, perhaps, has long since supplied my place in his memory with worthier objects.” This thought haunts me night and

day: for my child's sake, I could well wish to have a brighter prospect—for my own, could I separate our united interests, which is impossible, one only wish is left; yes, my poor lost Blanche! were it not for our babe,

I would cease not praying for the happy hour when, released from this world and all its troubles, they would place me by thy side, then, reunited for ever in another and a better, where, as good Sanguine says—

“ The wicked cease from troubling, and the

Yes, yes —

TOM THORNTON.

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weary are at rest," we should together realize those pure joys—that perfect peace, which know no cessation, and admit of no alloy.

^ Sanguine is right, ~~To false pride and~~ — t
self-will, am I indebted for the glories of this wretched garret.

“ Rejoice, ~~oh~~ young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for these things, God will bring thee into judgment. Whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy, for my heart rejoiced in all my labour, and this is my portion of all my labour.”

Q How often have those blessed precepts, and in tones of tenderest love and solicitude, been repeated for my guidance and control by lips that never addressed me but in accents of maternal fondness and anxiety; but I would not hear them, or if heard,

Solicitude;

how little heeded I their import—how much less ever thought that the day would come when I should see them written in indelible characters, impossible to be evaded or misunderstood, on every object around me. Alas! for the bitter fruits of selfishness and ignorance! There is little doubt, if the soil under the hands of the husbandman could speak—could have a will of its own, it would often reproach him for its mismanagement in its culture ~~it~~ it would ask him, why he dug, and forked, and hoed, and raked, and ploughed, and turned it up, to be baked by the scorching sun one day, and drenched by the soaking rains the next—why he did not let it alone to rest awhile from its labours, and, probably, it would promise to produce in due season as luxuriant a crop as heart could desire; nay, it would be heard to say, perhaps, if I must be dug, and raked, and sown, pray let it be with tares this year instead of wheat, or,

this seed I should prefer to that, or, that dressing is far more refreshing to my spirits than the other, or, I cannot submit to be so encumbered—you mistake my constitution—rest is indispensably necessary to my health—desist from your labour—leave me, I pray you, to my own spontaneous efforts.

alas! So it was with Tom Thornton—so it is with too many more like him—who, when the friendly voice that would teach them wisdom, or the experienced hand that would undertake their culture and improvement, endeavours to ~~conduct their management,~~ ~~promote their well doing,~~ correct their defects, recall them to their duties, ~~and~~ point out the way to insure the fruitful harvest—turn a deaf ear to every remonstrance, ~~beg~~ to be left alone, or to have any other culture assigned them than that which they stand the most in need of ~~and~~ what do they promise? ~~Like the untilled earth, if left to their~~

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promote their well doing, and instruct their ignorance, conduct their management

own spontaneous efforts, what but a plentiful crop of weeds!

May 20.—My time is now so taken up in my nursery, and receiving the visits of my ~~many~~ friends, and reading “The Life of Robert Hall,” recommended to me by Mr. Caxton, senior—and an admirable work it is, “whether for the orthodox or heterodox,” as he says, “being the life of a man that it does good to manhood itself to contemplate,” that I have scarcely thought or inclination for anything else, except my daily visits to the cemetery. Those visits, strange as it may seem, are my chief solace; for, while I linger beside her grave, our spirits seem to be reunited, and to hold sweet converse together; and when I return to our child, whose sweet smiles seem to welcome me, and kiss its tender cheek, I feel a holier love, a deeper responsibility towards it—such a love, such a responsibility, as only those who, like myself, have been bereaved

of all but one last-cherished object, can comprehend.

May 23.—Who should pay me a visit yesterday but good Madame André and her little Emilie, who, though but just in her teens, is as proud of her pretty face and sylph-like figure, as any full-grown *demoiselle* of the *Grande Rue*. They were in raptures with Blanche; “she was the image of her mother—she was perfection—she was an angel!”

“Madame, having had seven olive branches of her own, must be a good judge,” confirmed Sanguine; “and this the only girl?”

“Stand up, Emilie, my ~~dear~~—isn’t she growing a great girl, Mr. Sanguine?”

“And a beauty too,” ~~whispered~~ Sanguine, aside; “and what a graceful little figure—a miracle, if she isn’t spoilt. Mamma don’t allow tight lacing, I hope?”

“There, Emilie, you hear that—just what Doctor Allerton said.”

Ah, woe's me!

knew

with *g* *e* *-/* *-/*
“~~Do you know~~, I once ~~heard of~~ a sweet young creature,” continued Sanguine, ~~putting on~~ a grave face, and addressing poor Emilie, in spite of her blushes, and reproving glances at her mother, “beautiful as an angel, and as good, whose tombstone now peeps forth amongst the long grass in Hollycombe Churchyard, but who might now, perhaps, have been living, the pride and delight of her old father, but for the foolish vanity of her mamma, who persisted, because nature had given her a pretty face and figure, in screwing her into a pair of odious stiff French stays, till the poor little sufferer could scarcely breathe. I never think of poor Cicely but my heart aches, for I knew and loved her as a father; and I never see a pretty maid squeezed into a French corset, but Cicely’s fate occurs to me and her little tomb stone in Hollycombe Churchyard. Nay, you must know, I carry a sharp penknife always ready, and should

consider it my bounden duty, if occasion called for its use, to sever at a stroke the laces of any young lady's stays of my acquaintance, which confined a waist not larger than a wasp's."

"You will have enough to do, then," laughed Madame, "among our *belles* of Boulogne."

— "Thank goodness," cried Emilie, "I am quite safe! for, see, mamma, I can hardly span mine with both ~~my~~ hands."

Sanguine was silenced, and replaced the penknife in his waistcoat pocket.

Madame now undid a parcel she held on her knees; it was the new cap she had been so long working, and two pair of knitted socks, and a piece of lace—if I would do her the honour to accept it—for a frock, which Josephine says is real Mechlin; and gave me no end of excellent advice, of which if I follow but one half, I may take rank with the best of fathers.


“You will never guess,” said she, as she rose to take her leave, “what I am going to tell you—only first promise that there shall not be a tear. Well, then—I have had two hundred and fifty francs offered me this morning for the two water-coloured drawings in my *salon*—what think you of that?”

“What, for Blanche’s?” ejaculated I, turning, I could feel, as pale as marble—
“and——”

“Have you taken it? you were going to ask me—I am ashamed of you. Ecoutez! *Chère* My old customer, Mr. Trevor, who bought the other pair, called to-day to inquire if I had any more by the same artist? I shewed him into the *salon*, and there ^{sure} enough, */* were two more.—They were charming, and just the size—what would I take for them?—They were not for sale.—Then why tempt him by shewing them?—They were so beautiful, and he seemed to be a

connoisseur. — He wanted four more to form a set for his breakfast room, and did not mind the price. — But these were larger than the first, and would not make a good match. — That was immaterial — would I take a hundred and fifty francs for them? — No, I would not take a thousand!"

"Bless you for that!" cried I, warmly pressing the hand held out to me, and raising it to my lips; nor had I any fear, if Blanche was watching me at that moment, that she would disapprove of such a tender mode, on my part, of doing honour to her memory.



"That's a good woman," said Sanguine, "in the best sense of the word—a really respectable character; excellent in her vocation—strong minded, sound, and single hearted—of rare merit, yet unassuming—of active benevolence, but of few professions—with qualities of head and heart would befit the highest rank—with that

indispensable

best characteristic of true gentility, a sensitive regard for the feelings of others."

"Now be candid," said I; "the flavour of that last little compliment on Mr. Septimus Sanguine's good sense, to say nothing of the cherry cordial, still lingers so pleasantly, don't it?"

"Among the many other little agreeable reminiscences, no doubt," laughed Sanguine, "that are never to be forgotten."

d "So, Mrs. Waddlestern, you mean to infer," said I, "notwithstanding the new grass-green satin bonnet, with the red poppies and hot-house grapes, is not your definition of true gentility?"

bonâ "I know but of one definition, my dear fellow, either of a bonâ fide gentleman, or lady either—*cucullus non facit monachum*, you know, and this is it—having, *cæteris paribus*, a due regard for the feelings of others."

"Then is our good Madame André, in

truth," assented I, "a gem of the first water."

"A credit to her sex, and 'ennobling,' as Mrs. Waddlestern says, 'to our common nature,'" ~~applauded~~ ^{responded} Sanguine. "It all comes of well furnishing the inside rather than the out—embellishing the understanding more than the back. It is not till women advance in years somewhat beyond the sixth climacter, that they feel the advantages of having cultivated, while they could, those moral graces, those intrinsic qualites, which best console them for the surrender of youthful attractions, and make them estimable and happy matrons. As long as the eyes maintain their brilliancy, the cheeks their roseate glow, the complexion its transparency, while the teeth are without blemish, the hair unchanged, the step buoyant, the figure graceful, and the heart alive only to pleasurable emotions, there seems little necessity to damp the joy of the passing

hour with anticipations of future care ; but when age comes stealing on, my dear Mrs. Waddlestern, and the charms on which youth has prided itself begin to yield to its unsparing touch, wise is she, is she not ? who, in due season, has laid by a store on which she can fall back for comfort and respect in the latter days. Nor may the fortuitous possessions of the gifts of fortune exempt her from the necessity of providing that precious store, if she would enjoy an honoured old age. The servile homage bought with gold ever costs more than it is worth, and is never satisfied ; not so with the respect and esteem accorded to moral worth, however unassisted by worldly advantages. That is a store will not desert its possessor, and the homage it obtains will not be servile ; at all events, it will insure its mistress that self respect, that ennobling satisfaction, which a well-filled purse alone can never procure.”

"You would recommend, then," suggested I, "a school of philosophy for young ladies, specially appointed to teach them the vital importance of trimming their brains before their bonnets?"

"At all events that would be a good school, I take it," continued Sanguine, "that taught maidens to live as if they knew they were to be matrons, and not to build all their hopes on form and features; but to remember that the eyes some day will grow dim, the cheeks wan and wasted, the teeth decay, the hair ~~be~~ grizzled, the figure lose its grace, and the heart its appetite for pleasure. Let them look around them, and observe some of those who were once the idols of fashion, the brightest ornaments of the ball-room and parade, admired, courted, flattered, fondled, happy, thoughtless, as themselves—what are they now? what they will likewise most assuredly become, unless they have something more en-

be

durable to rely on hereafter, than the possession of the means to defy contempt, or the inglorious reminiscences of by-gone charms. I tell you, sir, that the whole system of female education is a mistake—they deal with women as if they were not *only had* rational beings, and men ~~had only~~ minds to cultivate, and souls to be saved.”

“Shocking!” said I.

“I tell you, sir, it all comes of not teaching them the classics; make the ancients their rule and practice, and then we shall have wives and daughters worthy of us. By Jove! Pierre with the sausages and mashed potatoes ~~well~~, I don’t mind if I take a sausage with you—they do ’em beautifully at the Red Cat; and then we’ll have a glass of weak whiskey punch and a mild W, and settle the question of National education.”

May 26.—If it were not for my good friend and neighbour [^]Septimus Sanguine—

no better heart than whose, with all its failings, beats in mortal bosom—who continually drops in, on one pretext or another, for a chat, the hours would hang heavily enough. We have been putting our heads together for a suitable inscription to a tablet to my poor Blanche's memory, which I shall not be happy till I can have erected. Mascot will complete it, he says, for six pounds.

Met Allerton to-day, as I was leaving the cemetery—thought he looked at me intently; what says my mirror? ah! no wonder they all gaze at me with concern—I shall hardly know myself soon—pale and haggard, the care-worn anxious brow, the livid sunken cheek—fit companions for the wasting form and seedy garb—sure emblems of the plague within. And this is all ~~that is~~ left of the once brave and blooming Tom Thornton? Alas, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*! How

That's

corroding

many may say this with aching hearts besides Tom Thornton !

d

June 15.—I seldom care to open my journal now, for the pain in my side will not allow me to use my pen more than a few minutes at a time, and I feel sometimes so weak from the repeated bleedings and cuppings, that I can hardly hold it in my hand.

Some say, we know not how few friends we can number till we try them ; I can with truth say, that I know not how many I had till I was most in need. What with one present or another, Blanche is famously set up with baby clothes enough, ~~I am sure,~~ to last her for five years ; not a day passing but some addition is made to her wardrobe.

interesting

What a thing it is to be a "lion." There are many varieties of the species—some are "lions" of ferocity, some of meekness and docility extraordinary, others of rarity, others of beauty, others of eccentricity ;

ie/
e/

d

but by far the most interesting and profitable of all the "lion" are the "lions" of misfortune. Among the ladies, especially, they are monstrous favourites, every sympathizing heart hastens to their relief, and if under high patronage, though with nothing very remarkable about them, their attractive powers are immense. One of these great and little "lions" are on view now, for a short time only it is to be hoped, in the *Rue d'Ambois*, and although it may be somewhat irksome at times to be petted and patted as they are, they must remember it is the natural consequence of misfortune to excite compassion, and the undoubted privilege of those who afford it to pet and patronize; besides which, they would be the most illnatured and ungrateful of animals, if they were to hump their backs, or show their teeth, to those who are all day long loading them with cakes and caresses.

June 22.—Saw Mascot again this after-

noon—can have the tablet all completed by the receipt of my next remittances—~~that is~~ *That's* a great comfort. Marteau been up to say that poor Bolter's affairs are likely to be satisfactorily arranged—our conjoint petition to the Buckinghamshire Uncle having produced the desired effect. In a private note written in his best hand—after a pathetic detail of his wrongs and grievances, and assurances of his eternal gratitude, &c, he expresses his intention, “immediately on his restoration to society, to cut a land which has never done him a good turn yet, and, as soon as he can get his fit out and the passage money, to be off to the diggings—and then,” says he, “why shall I be like Mr. D'Israeli on his parliamentary tours?—~~because~~ *B* because, of course, I shall be gaining golden opinions wherever I go.”

his Poor Bolter! ~~it is~~ a long lane that has no turning; “who knows, indeed,” as he says, “but that he may turn up a nugget will”

make his fortune, as well as others; and if that won't be a corker for 'em, he don't know what will."

June 24.—That Mascot has no more feeling than the marble he carves; but it was foolish of me to put myself in a passion—after all, it is but reasonable of him to take care of himself. He will not go on with the tablet without an advance, and, certainly, there is not much left about me now to inspire that confidence in my undoubted responsibility that there used to be. These little hints and home thrusts wonderfully disperse the mists from a poor fellow's eyes, take the shine out of his self-complacency, and shew him his whereabouts. But *there's* ~~there is~~ no use fretting about it. I tried all I could to enlist the fellow's sympathy; but what has the carver of tombstones, any more than a mute or the sexton, to do with feeling? I might as well have looked for ~~sympathy~~ from a flint; so, like a simpleton,

Feeling

got into a rage, and my heart has been thumping at my ribs ever since. I feel as if I should be choked, and my hand trembles so that I can hardly guide my pen.—Perhaps a night's rest may put me right again.

June 25.—The oppression at my chest harasses me even more than the pain in my side. Allerton must do something for me, or I shall be all to pieces again—don't know why, but feel terribly cut up to-day. A comfort to me that my poor babe is so well. Poor innocent! He that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will be thy best and sure defence against the cold cutting blasts of this tempestuous life.


Monsieur Sauvage, my landlord, started when he met me just now on the stairs, as if he had crossed an apparition.

“He hoped Monsieur was better.”

“No—all the blood in my body seemed gurgling round my heart.”

"Why did I not consult Doctor Dupont? he had wrought miracles."


"My complaint, I feared, was beyond man's art."

"Nothing was beyond the skill of Dupont—he had cured Mademoiselle Millefleur, and Le Comte Toutesprit, when every one had given them up, of broken hearts." 

"I had no doubt of his skill, but was sure my physician would do all that was possible for me."

"Ah, if I would but consult Dupont—he would soon set me to rights."

As I entered my room, I cast a glance at myself in the mirror, and thought he must be skilful indeed that could restore animation to such a spectre.

July 27.—More than a month has passed since I last opened my journal, nor thought I that I should ever add to it another line. Something tells me that these will be the last words I shall ever pen. I have no 

strength left; but, bolstered up with my papers before me, I thought if I could write for an hour or two, it would divert my thoughts from dwelling on the horrors. This has been the happiest night I have known since the death of my poor wife. It was kind of Jack to come and see me, and he did not sit a bit the less easy for that ricketty old chair with the rush bottom—not he. I don't think he cast his eyes once on my old hat, either, or thought of anything but the pleasure of our meeting after so long a separation. At school and college *always* we were sworn friends, and, spite of all chances and changes, the firmest feelings of mutual ~~regard~~ *affection* have ever linked our hearts together. Jack was always my superior at Eton for application—beat me hollow when it came to hard work; but *then* I could thrash the chaps that bullied him; and *if* he helped me pretty often with my verses and problems, he had his *quid pro quo* in an

unflinching champion ever at his side. No two persons could be more dissimilar in almost every thing. Jack was always a cautious, careful, matter-of-fact fellow. I, ever thoughtless and enthusiastic, instead of looking before I leaped, never saw danger till I was up to my neck in the mire—relying on my own strength and good fortune to struggle out of it as best I might. Jack was all prudence and foresight. I, the slave of every impulse; but this dissimilarity, instead of disuniting us, seemed rather to strengthen the bonds of friendship that bound us together. If I used often to exclaim —“What would I give, Jack, for your discretion,” as often have I heard him say —“Tom, how I wish I had a little of your spirit.” So it was; and now, notwithstanding all, we love each other as much, I believe, if not more than ever. But Jack’s was ever a good heart—one always felt safe with him—conscientious to a fault, perhaps some-

changes and disparities,

times a shade too irresolute, but always on
 the safe side. I remember how Jewel and
 I used to quiz him, sometimes, for his slow
 habits, as we called them; but, do all we
 could, he *would* persist in asking the price—
 counting his change, and keeping his re-
 cepts. But I will now try for some sleep,
 and endeavour only to dream of happy days.
 Would that I might indulge the hope that,
 in spite of reason and conviction, will some-
 times whisper at my heart. My little angel,
 thank God! slumbers soundly in happy
 unconsciousness of the dark clouds gather-
 ing round her. Oh, my child, my child! who
 will be to thee a parent—who will love, and
 cherish, and protect thee in this cold world,
 when there are none but strangers left thee!
 Yes, there is One who will have compassion
 on thee, my poor babe, and succour thee in
 thy innocence and helplessness—He who
 took such as thou art into his arms, and
 blessed them, will not desert his own—the

; but His will be done, in whose
 hands are the issues of all our
 hopes and endeavours.

cry of the orphan is never heard unheeded by Him. A thousand anxious thoughts struggle for utterance, but my heart is bursting—my hand trembles, and Josephine, she will not desert my babe—she has been a good and faithful creature, and the tablet—if I could have lived to see that completed, but Jack will, and my Aunt Lucy, and ~~and~~.

July 27.—Nine o'clock, *a. m.* Worn out—overpowered, Josephine says, I fell into a sound sleep for more than six hours. Oh, how happy were my dreams! I thought that Blanche was restored to me, and that we were all assembled at the Hall in my aunt's *boudoir*—my aunt, with our little angel on her lap, and Henrietta Clementina bending over her, and Jack, and good, kind, noble-hearted Sanguine, now Sir Septimus, in a brilliant new coat, and Josephine in a new full suit of mourning—that was the only part that troubled me—mingling our

Henrietta—and—

tears of mutual joy and congratulations together. The only pensive face was Henrietta's.—“ Tom,” she whispered, drawing me aside, “ how beautiful is Blanche! I am sure I shall love her; and I will be god-mother, Tom, to your sweet babe there, and will adopt her as my own, and when I die, will leave her all that I possess; nay, do not think, because my eyes are filled with tears, that I am not happy—yes, yes, I am very very happy, now that you are returned to your sister—your sweet darling little sister, as you used to call me, and that we shall never part again.” What blissful visions were these. How shall I interpret them? *Oh*, lie still, lie still, my heart!—you will break if you beat so fast. Hark! Jack's foot upon the stairs—joy, joy! Now then, something tells me that my dream will not be all unreal.

THE CONCLUSION.

CARRIED away in the intoxicating vortex of Parisian gaieties, and my leisure hours devoted to the perusal and preparation of poor Tom's journal for the press, I had almost forgotten, as I said before, that there was such a place as old England, my absence from which had extended to nearly double the time I had intended, and filled my family at home with all sorts of apprehensions, lest I should return incurably continentalized; when, as I was dressing to join a few friends at a farewell dinner at *Les Trois Frères*, a note was put into my hand. It bore the Boulogne post-mark, and a momentary blush of something like reproach

mounted to my cheeks, as I called to mind the sick chamber in the *Rue d'Ambois*, and how long I had almost lost sight of it. With a foreboding of something wrong, I broke the seal, and, with grief that no words can express, read as follows:—

“ *Rue d'Assas*, August 20.

Q / MY DEAR SIR.—I am sorry to break in upon your pleasures with sad news. Our poor friend has had another severe attack, and lies without hope of recovery—if indeed he can last till you receive this. As I explained to you, there was no warning; at times, indeed, he has seemed better and gayer than I have known him for some months—incessantly talking of your return. As the anticipated joy drew nearer, his excitement increased, which ended in a fit this morning, accelerated, I fancy, from what I can learn from Josephine, by some angry words with the sculptor, who is engaged

Q

we meet

TOM THORNTON.

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on a monument to his wife's memory.—
Twelve, *a. m.* I have just seen him again;
he is sinking fast—your utmost speed
will scarcely avail; but, till ~~I see you~~, be
assured that every thing possible shall be
done for him. Should your engagements
prevent your immediate return, any instruc-
tions you may desire to have carried out in
behalf of our poor friend, shall have my best
attention, and believe me to remain,

Q ————— “My dear sir, yours very faithfully,

“A. ALLERTON. Q

Q “*John Hartley, Esq. &c.*”

Although I had too much reason to be
prepared for the melancholy intelligence
which the doctor's letter contained, the cer-
tainty of poor Tom's danger, and the forlorn
and helpless condition of his child, now
rendered doubly interesting to me, if pos-
sible, by its utter dependence on my pro-
tection, came on me like a stunning blow. Q

from which it was some time before I could sufficiently recover/ to make the necessary preparations for my instant return to Boulogne. The moments, however, were precious, and never, although I double feed the post-boys, did any journey appear to me so insupportably long as that ride from Paris to Boulogne—terribly tedious at any time, but, when *post equitem sedet anxiosa cura*, intolerable in the extreme. But at length the chaise drew up at the entrance of the Rue d'Ambois, and, with a beating heart, I mounted the dismal staircase to my poor friend's yet more dismal chamber.

Mr. or, as we must now call him, Sir Septimus Sanguine, dressed in a full suit of handsome black, met me on the landing. I saw at a glance that I was too late—poor Tom had breathed his last that morning; yes, his prediction that that wretched garret would be his last home on earth/ was fulfilled; his spirit had gone to join his be-

loved Blanche's; and I was left to be, as my dream foretold, his chief mourner and executor.

"Your name, coupled with his Aunt Lucy's, and some allusions to his wife's grave," said Allerton, after the first emotions of my grief had found vent, "were the last words he uttered, as he placed in my hands this packet—to be delivered into your possession. So far I have fulfilled my trust; but, with all our regret for the dead, we must not forget the living—his child."

"Its claim on my protection could not be held more sacred in his estimation," responded I, "than in my own. I trusted I might calculate on his assistance to advise me how best to take the necessary measures for the funeral, and the settlement of my poor friend's affairs? In the meanwhile Josephine should continue to attend her charge, and I would take upon myself to

Q see her respectably settled, and comfortably provided for in England, if she chose to accompany us there."

"Blanche could not be in better hands," replied the doctor; "I have no fear for her now. For the present, then, adieu. In any thing I can be of use to you in the melancholy task before you, you have only to command me; we shall meet again to-morrow."

Left alone with Josephine, I gleaned from her all the particulars of Tom's last illness; and, having expressed an earnest desire that she would continue her maternal care for her orphan charge, at all events till we arrived in England, where it was my intention to carry her immediately after the funeral, I was rejoiced to find that nothing would have caused her so much regret as to have been separated from her sweet little mistress when monsieur was alive, but now it would almost break her heart to leave

her—that she loved her as much as if she were her own_x and would attend her to the world's end, if I would allow her. — /

This material point being arranged, I lost no time in giving the necessary directions for poor Tom's interment. By the French laws, these melancholy duties are quickly disposed of; and having provided every thing necessary—discharged all claims, and taken possession, under his will, of his effects, my last and most mournful task, accompanied by the kind-hearted doctor and his fond and faithful friend Sanguine, as chief mourners, was to follow him to that cemetery, 2 where so short a time ago we were to have gone together to mingle our tears over the tomb of his wife. Now they rested side by side—his last wish was fulfilled—he slept next her he loved; and, added to the modest tablet which commemorated in simple but eloquent language the rare virtues of his Blanche, and which had been so long the

thought nearest and dearest to his heart, we had inscribed a suitable epitaph to himself, from the pen of his good, kind, noble-hearted Sanguine, as he used to call him, concluding with these words:—

— “In life, under every vicissitude, they were all in all to each other ~~in~~ in death are they for ever united. Requiescant in pace!” *italics* *3/*

Q So far having done all that was due to the memory of our departed friend, in the manner we believed would be most congenial to his wishes, could he have expressed them, it only remained for me to comply with the provisions contained in the packet which the doctor had delivered into my hands, wherein Tom ~~expressed~~ an anxious hope that his aunt would pay the few debts he owed in Boulogne, principally incurred for his wife's illness and the charges of her funeral; then there would be no necessity to sell ~~the~~ *his* few remaining articles of property ~~left him~~, saved from the general wreck. *Q*

In which case, "he hoped that his ever-kind Doctor Allerton would accept, as a slight token of his esteem, his Adrian Ostard.

8 8 — "To his faithful friend, Septimus Sanguine, he gave his Malacca cane with the amethyst and torquoise head, as a souvenir of his gratitude for the many disinterested acts of generosity he had received from him; as likewise his portfolio of rare prints before letters, which he hoped would sometimes of a winter's evening at Sanguine Hall, recall him to his memory. /

8 8 — "To Josephine, whose fidelity and attachment to his child, since the death of her mother, were beyond praise, he gave his dressing-case and writing-desk, with an earnest hope that she would not desert his babe, and trusted that when Aunt Lucy knew her worth, she would extend to her as well as his poor child her bounty and protection.

"To his dear Aunt Lucy he bequeathed,

as an earnest of his oblivion of all angry or unkind feelings between them, and his still warm yearnings of affection towards her, his diamond ring—his mother's last present to him on her death bed, which he hoped she would wear for his sake; and to his sweet darling little sister Henrietta Clementina, as he used to love to call her, the gold locket he always wore next his heart, with her hair and Blanche's and his own entwined, on condition that she would some day unite a lock of his little Blanche's to it, and wear it for all their sakes.

“The remainder of his little stock, his gun, his books, his guitar, and whatever else he could call his own, he left to his oldest and dearest friend John Hartley; and he should die when his time came, in the happy conviction, that in his unshaken friendship, the last tribute of love and affection which he had hoped to have lived long enough to offer to his beloved wife's memory, would

not be left incomplete ; and that, with his influence, his little Blanche would ere long supply the place of her father in his aunt's affections.

“ But there was one gift more precious in his estimation than all the rest put together, and this he desired I would take strict charge of, and never part with till Blanche was old enough to appreciate its value—it was the miniature of her mother. I was to preserve it as an invaluable treasure ; I might show it to his Aunt Lucy, that she might see what an angel she was.”

Well, resolving that nothing should be wanting on my part to carry out to the full, every wish with which I was entrusted, and having nothing further to detain me at Boulogne, we paid a last visit to the grave that seemed to us, as poor Tom expressed it, “ the sweetest in the whole cemetery ;” and having breathed a prayer for that eternal rest for those dear forms we left behind,

in comparison with which the longest troubles of this life are as nothing, the next day, accompanied by Sir Septimus, who had accepted my pressing invitation to stay a few days with me on his way into Nottinghamshire to take formal possession of his ancestral halls, on condition that I would bring them all to the house-warming when he got things a little comfortable, and try the duck-shooting next winter—we set sail for the shores of England, Josephine having added considerably to my comfort, by assuring me that she was a capital sailor, and that, whatever qualms I might anticipate on my own account, I need have none on her's.

Need I say that our first visit, after recovering a little from the fatigues of our journey, and setting Blanche off to the best advantage in Madame André's new cap with the white satin bows, was to no less a personage than Aunt Lucy; or need I endeavour to picture to you, dear reader, the

scene that followed? If I were to attempt it, I should utterly fail in conveying any idea of that heart-rending meeting; so, must *it* leave to your imagination. Suffice it to say, that my advocacy was never less needed than for my poor friend Tom.

Whether it was the irresistible force of my appeal—the affecting relation of the scenes I had just witnessed—or the bequest of the diamond ring, accompanied as it was by so many overpowering associations—or the miniature of the ill-fated Blanche—or the beauty and helplessness of their orphan child—whether it was one or all of these causes together that spoke home to the heart of Aunt Lucy, I cannot say; but certain it is, that heart was taken by storm—my mission had succeeded; and as she clasped her “poor Tom’s babe” to her breast, and, with Henrietta, wept over it, it was not difficult to see who would henceforth reign supreme in their affections.

Women, thought I to myself, are great oddities. But yesterday, and she would have almost disowned her own flesh and blood, and driven from her door the being she, in truth, loved most on earth, because with life and its necessities lasted her power to punish or reward. To-day, because she finds that power has ceased for ever, she would give worlds to know that she had used it well; nay, would go, like a humble penitent barefooted, to ask pardon at her loved one's shrine. But, with all their oddities, nevertheless, thought I, women are good, kind, forgiving creatures; and as I gazed in raptures on the sleeping form of the lovely infant in Aunt Lucy's lap, I thought, that if Tom could behold his child at that moment, he would not desire, if he could, to exchange her present safe and soft berth, for the wretched crib in the *Rue d'Ambois*.

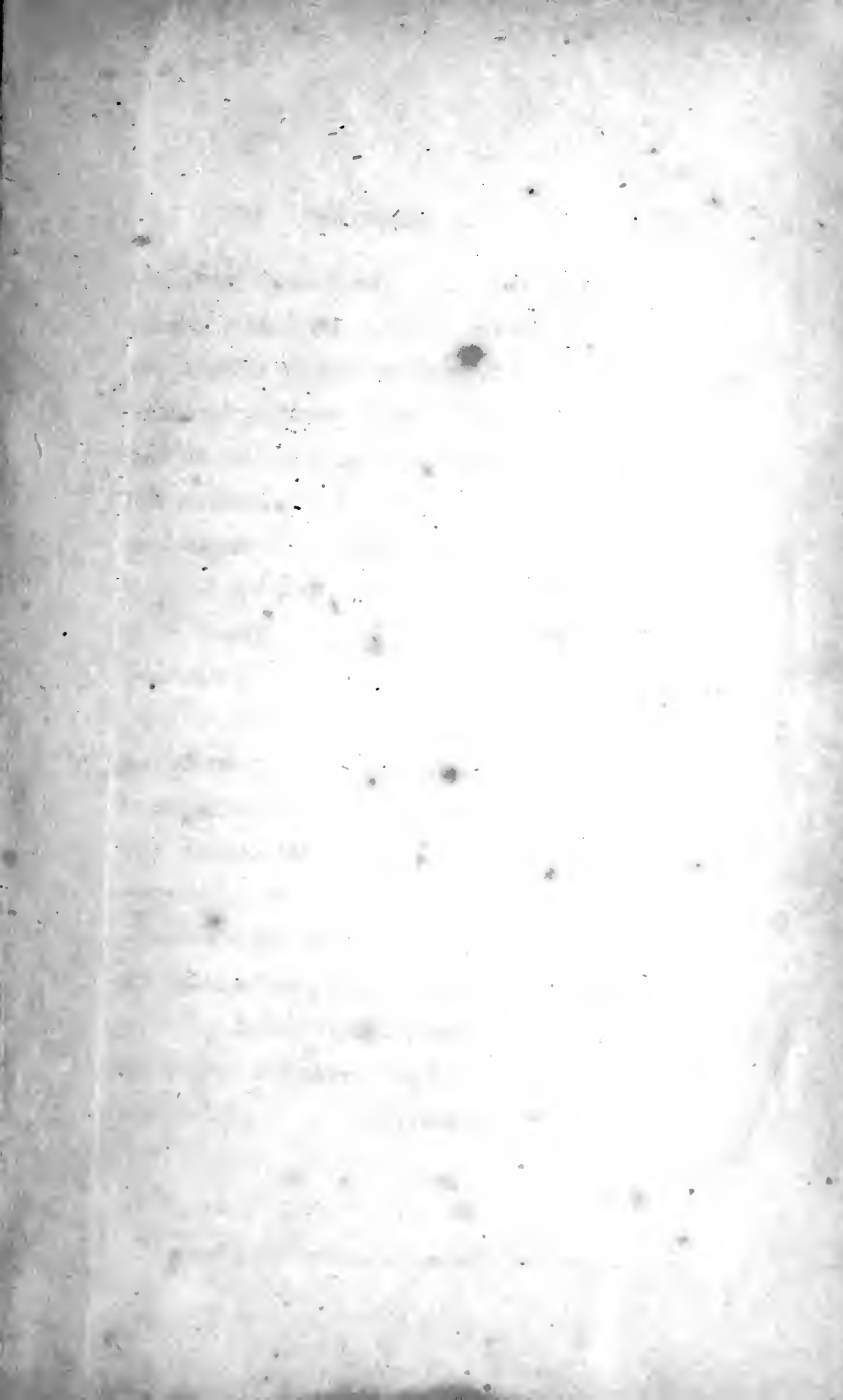
One condition, however, I stipulated for,

before I would wholly relinquish possession of my charge, viz., that the faithful Josephine should be formally installed in the nursery as body guard, and that I should have *carte blanche* to pay my regular visits there—under certain proper rules and limitations, whenever I felt disposed. This all satisfactorily arranged, one other desire of poor Tom's alone remains to be complied with—the disposition of the miniature which he enjoined me to keep till Blanche was old enough to appreciate its value. When that day comes—which will be an affecting one for us all—my trust will be fulfilled. Till then, like a good and careful guardian, I shall look anxiously ^{and tenderly} after my ward, especially as she seems already to have taken a wonderful fancy to my little Frank, a few months older than herself—as promising a young Turk/ as ever fond father doted on. And who knows but some day my utmost ambition, as a provident guardian, may be

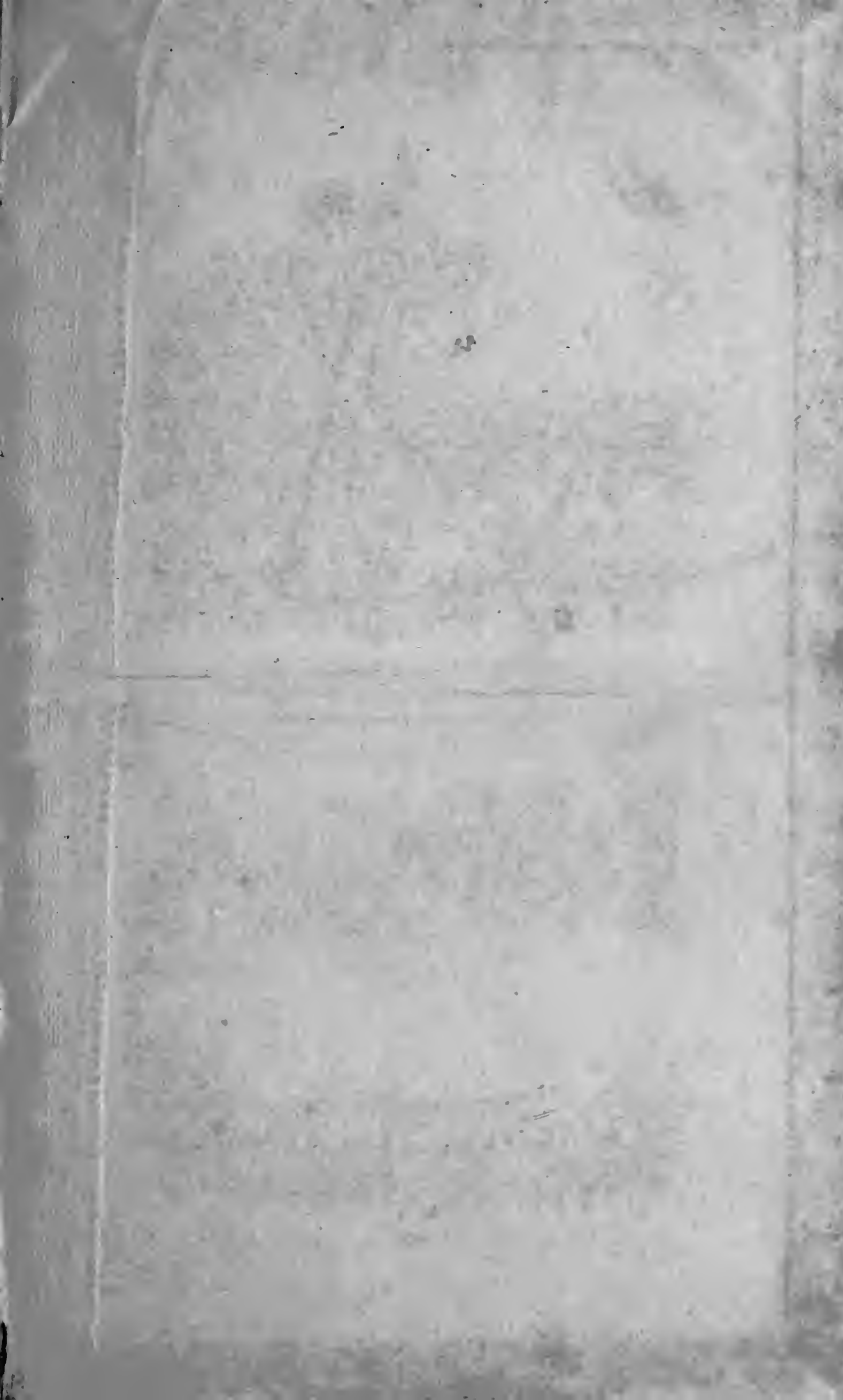
gratified by the union of a pair so obviously formed in every respect for each other's happiness; for, as Aunt Lucy's Devon property joins my own, could anything be more desirable than an eventual junction of the two? Not a word have I dropped on the subject to Aunt Lucy, knowing her extreme sensitiveness on all topics relating to *post mortem* calculations; but I cannot help thinking that some such idea has struck her too; for, the other day, when we were together discussing about some repairs on the Devon estates, while the youngsters were rolling after each other on the carpet, she said—and which I take to be conclusive—
—/ “God bless them! how happy they seem—
wouldn't they make an excellent match for each other some day, John?”

So, with this bright prospect before us,
dear reader, farewell!

THE END.







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